THE WIND AND THE RAIN

Summer, 1941

IN AID OF THE RED CROSS

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THE WIND AND THE RAIN

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EDITORIAL

RECENT events, which took such a fantastic turn last month in the arrival from the clouds of Rudolf Hess—almost as unexpected as a visit from the Man in the Moon—have been focussed for a long time now on the world outside England and on the Near East in particular. An invasion has not yet been attempted on these islands and for this reason, despite the incessant and calculating bombing raids of the enemy, the attention of the public has been concentrated chiefly upon events abroad rather than at home. People here, whilst contemplating with wonder and admiration the feats of our armies and Air Force in the Middle East, tend to forget equally gallant workers at home. The few who give a moment's thought to home affairs confine their meditations to politics and to the auxiliary fighting services. Very few indeed give a thought to the Red Cross. Yet, when one pauses to consider the picture of hospitals battered into a hotch-potch of brick and chloroform fumes by the bombs which assail us from the heavens ; when one pictures harassed doctors and nurses performing exacting operations in concrete surgical palaces ; when one gives a fleeting thought to the man who is trapped yet alive beneath a pyramid of tumbled masonry, the importance and glory of

this great society cannot but be evident to the man who is willing to take the trouble of performing an easy piece of meditation.

This Quarterly is intimately bound up with the admirers of the Red Cross Society; it is their magazine in an unofficial way. It is more. The aim of *The Wind and the Rain* is to supply the public with a magazine which has principles deep-rooted in Christianity and which will supply interesting reading of a non-pagan sort. Moreover, it is playing its part in achieving a victory for what the editors sincerely hope will be a better and more constructive Christian community. The fact that Europeans are relying, or rather, have relied on Christian traditions without accepting either Christian principles or Christian dogma is to be deplored as an evil which is as encircling as barbarism. Fortunately it seems that after the war, Europe, at least, will be rid of this disease. This magazine desires to be an integral part of the scalpel which will cut away the roots of this malingering growth from the heart of the world, so that it will wither as swiftly as a plucked dandelion and leave us, never to return. That is why, during the war, every penny not immediately bound up with the production of its pages and advertising will be handed over to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross Fund. All the authors who have contributed articles and poems are eminent; many of them are household words in the circle of literary distinction. Yet they have every one of them, and we believe gladly, contributed their work gratuitously because they wish to help in this cause, which will push us forward more than a few miles on the hard road, asphalted by the blood of our heroes, which leads to freedom.

The temper of a nation is often brought out by its expression in the word form of its literature and art. This magazine contains a sample of this temper; a minute cut, perhaps, but traversing the entire oaken branch of England, sometimes with the grain of public opinion, sometimes against it. The editors are all young, as yet unbiased in any direction save in one—the Christian tradition. They are neither financed by a rich individual nor managed by a capitalist board of directors; when something is decided upon, it is done in unison, for their unity in purpose and inspiration is their delight. They would like to attempt to live by such ideals as are put forward by the *Sword*

of the Spirit movement, though they fall almost inevitably below the standard which must be striven at. Still, hope remains. Their combined slender resources have instituted this magazine; it is printed by the most kind-hearted of printers, William Bellows, of Gloucester, and with the co-operation of the public the Red Cross Funds will benefit in a considerable measure. A letter from St. James's Palace will be found towards the end of the magazine. . . . 'The Duke of Gloucester, in acknowledging the receipt of *The Wind and the Rain*, has expressed his pleasure to learn that his Red Cross and St. John Fund is to benefit by its publication, and His Royal Highness has sent his good wishes for the success of this periodical.'

M.A.

ERRATUM

The Editors wish to apologise for having advertised Lord Sempill as one of their contributors to this issue. Lord Sempill, owing to pressure of work, has been unable to provide us with an article for this issue, but has most kindly consented to do so for our Autumn number.

ON EVERYBODY BEING WRONG

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

THERE have been periods in the past, when wise and well-informed people were able to prophecy with tolerable accuracy what was about to happen to the world. For it was possible to assume that the general pattern would remain the same and perhaps to foresee the small modifications of detail that were to be expected. Of the last twenty years, and in particular of the last two or three years, no such prophecy has been possible. There has clearly been no living man who has or who could have foreseen what has happened. The great majority of us are gaily enough ready to admit our own mistakes and only bother to point out our neighbours' mistakes when such neighbours try to pretend that they were exceptions to the general rule of error. It is only occasionally that one comes across these days that peculiarly irritating type of fool who is for ever pointing out how he said this and that at such and such a date, how no one believed him at the time but how he alone has proved to be right. We can only be very sure that such a fool has forgotten the many times when he, like all the rest of us, has proved wrong and prefers to concentrate on his lucky shots.

Events indeed, as far as this war goes, have been most impartially malevolent in their exposure of the prophets. It looks sometimes as if the High Gods were neither pro-German nor pro-Allied but rather had dedicated themselves to the holier task of proving all pundits to be fools. Hopes have alike proved to be dupes and fears to be liars. We were told that the Maginot line was impregnable, that the submarine was a weapon no longer to be feared, that the French would never give in, that the Greeks would never fight, that Italy would never come into the war, that, if she did come in, she would fight well, that the Italians would take Tunisia, that people would be frightened of air-raids, that the Jugo-Slavs would join up with the Germans. Indeed it is hard to think of anything that has turned out as it had been prophesied.

What is the lesson that we must learn from all this? One very wholesome lesson is indeed the lesson of ribald laughter at all pundits, prophets, wiseacres and whatnots and such laughter will by itself carry us a certain way along the road to the rebuilding of a shattered world. It is indeed true that God sent learned men for our solace and our amusement, and we should humbly and with gratitude accept His gift. Yet merely laughing at professors can hardly by itself be made into a vocation or indeed even into a very well-remunerated occupation. What is the reason why the pundits are so much more wrong to-day than they have ever been in human history? Is it just that they are more stupid now than they have ever been before? To some extent, quite frankly, I think that that is so. In some ways the world has advanced towards equality in the last generations. Hereditary privileges count for less than ever they did before. But on the other hand a new form of inequality has grown-up—mainly in democratic circles—far grosser than has ever before been known. In all previous ages the artist has considered it a part of his duty to express himself in such a way as to be intelligible and to give aesthetic pleasure to the ordinary member of his community. The wider his appeal, then, other things being equal, the greater the artist. The greater the obscurity, the less the artist. It has been one of the evil follies of our age to produce musicians, sculptors, painters and poets who pride themselves on offering to the public work which the public will be unable to understand. They come almost to think of their obscurity as a mark of their genius.

Now there is much the same evil in the world of public affairs. It is perfectly true that the world is now moving with such rapidity and that the pressure of events is so great that it is quite impossible for the ordinary man or woman, occupied in his or her profession, to form in his leisure time intelligent anticipations of what is going to happen. In other ages perhaps that was possible. In this age it is not possible. It is not possible for the ordinary man. For a time we thought that it was perhaps possible for the expert. Now experience has proved that the expert is as often wrong as, and much more dangerous than, the rest of us, and the mark of folly is the pretending to be an expert. We have to confess the fact that we have now got into such a mess that no one can see the way out.

This is an evil but it is not wholly an evil—at any rate from the Christian standpoint. It does not by any means compel us to condemn everything as futile. On the contrary it sends us, if we are wise, to the pursuit of those things that are good in themselves, and the illusion of omniscience is a grave enemy of faith.

> I do not ask to see
> The distant scene—one step enough for me,

is a far more healthy approach. No longer are we even tempted to think that the end justifies the means, for we cannot possibly tell what ends will result from the use of any particular means. All but the most general plans for a post-war world are to-day most clearly futile, for no one can possibly tell what the post-war world will be like. We can indeed agree that we wish to build a world in which mercy and courage, good faith, hope, charity, and all the other Christian values will reign, but, as for what forms of government there shall be in the different countries or how the frontiers between them ought to run—on these things it is surely a futility to speculate, for who can say in what form national states will emerge from this war or what the word 'frontier' will even mean in the post-war world?

So we are forced back to what should be the highly satisfactory conclusion of accepting virtue as its own reward.

> 'But we, like sentries, are obliged to stand
> In starless nights and wait the appointed hour,'

as Dryden told us. If we practise the Christian virtues, it may lead to a good result, as far as this world goes, or it may not, but at least it cannot lead to harm and at least it is good in itself. People ask if war does any good. It is hard to say if it does or not, but certainly it is in certain aspects good immediately in itself, quite apart from the consequences which flow from it. On the whole people are more unselfish, more kindly, less grasping, less snobbish under the strain of war than at other times. Peace ought indeed to be a beloved and most Christian state, but it must be admitted that in the modern world, as it is, most of the aims after which most of us strive during peace are not very Christlike, and we are indeed fortunate if we are prevented from them for a little. War at any rate saves us from peace. There are some who talk to us of the horrors of war and bid us tolerate them because of the new world of peace

that we are to enjoy when it is all over. The immediate horrors of war are commonly exaggerated. We all of us indeed have a breaking point, but, short of breaking point, the normal person can with surprisingly little difficulty adjust himself to whatever experiences may happen to come along, and the great merit of war is that it gives a universal opportunity for the testing of courage, and courage, though it is by no means the whole of virtue—for a man may very well be a very brave and yet a very bad man—is yet the condition of all virtue, for without courage no other virtue can be practised. But the real horror of war is the terrible moral reaction which universal experience shows always to come with the conclusion of peace.

Now the most worrying question about European Catholicism to-day is whether it can in any way be said that Catholics have shown themselves pre-eminent in this virtue of courage. I am not for the moment discussing whether they are for the war or against the war, for there is plenty of room for honourable difference of opinion on the policy which any particular country should pursue. But I am concerned to ask whether Catholics have shown themselves more or less ready than other people to do what, rightly or wrongly, they believed to be right in defiance of all threats. It would be difficult to make out a case that they had been more ready. And it is a humiliation, when it is the Orthodox among the Yugo-Slavs who are just able to persuade the Catholics to have the courage to resist. Surrender after defeat may be necessary and may be carried through with dignity, but it is not dignified when a French Catholic thinks it necessary to butter over his surrender with lies about the ' generosity ' of the Germans. It is not dignified when Italians, after having poured out exaggerated and not very healthy rhetoric about their vigour and toughness, prove themselves in practise to be the most cowardly of people. The Italian conduct has indeed been immediately very greatly to the advantage of Great Britain and it might therefore seem ungenerous of an Englishman to complain of it, but such buffoonery has degraded the human race, and it is a humiliation that it should have come from a nation that is in some sense the senior nation of Christendom. It is from over-cleverness—from a too great regard for consequences—that all these evils have come. The world will be the healthier if it is forced by circumstances to return to a greater moral simplicity.

ONE SWALLOW

Strange after so many quiet Springs,
Wherein the ever-dwindling sap uprose—
That swallow should return on death-dark wings,
Should bloom a cankered rose !

WALTER DE LA MARE

GREEK EPITAPHS

PHILIP SMILEY

ANY graveyard inscription, no matter how crude or unadorned, has the power of touching an imaginative mind ; but it is not often that an epitaph has a genuine literary, as well as a sentimental, value. Of the large number of Greek epitaphs which have survived in one form or another, some are mere commemorative stone carvings dug up and committed to paper by archaeologists. The value of these is more antiquarian than literary, and we are here concerned with poetry, not history. Our chief source for ancient epitaphs of a more artistic nature is the Greek anthology, a vast collection of short poems on every conceivable human activity, due in its present form chiefly to the labours of a broad-minded Byzantine monk of the fourteenth century named Maximus Planudes, translator into Greek of Julius Caesar and St. Augustine. By compiling older collections of a similar kind, with additions from other sources, he produced what can claim to be the most interesting of all literary documents, an anthology of Greek epigrams, good, bad and indifferent, reaching roughly from the time of Isias to Edward the Confessor. One of the sections in this work is devoted to epitaphs.

Among these, three kinds may be roughly distinguished : firstly, epitaphs proper, carved or written purely as a memorial of the dead ; secondly, poems written on real persons, but with the emphasis on artistic rather than commemorative value ; and thirdly, literary exercises of an imaginative nature couched in the form of epitaphs. It is often, however, almost impossible to apply these distinctions rigidly to particular cases, and they

are to be taken rather as representative of the general trend of literary usage than as exhaustive definitions.

As it was remarked above, actual monuments dug up by the archaeologists rarely contain much of poetic value. There are exceptions, however, two of which, both from sixth century tombs, may be mentioned. The first is on a Phrygian king :—

> On Midas' grave, a maid of bronze, I lie.
> While water flows and while the tall trees bloom,
> And sun and radiant moon arise and shine,
> And rivers run and oceans break in brine,
> Abiding on this mournful mound shall I
> Tell passers-by that this is Midas' tomb.
>
> SIR WILLIAM HARRIS

Another in a humbler strain runs :—

> Man, passing by other thoughts may be,
> Stop and have pity, Thrason's grave you see.
>
> C. M. BOWRA

It was the great lyric poet Simonides of Ceos (556–468) who first gathered up the threads of the Greek monumental tradition into artistic form. Like his anonymous predecessors, he still wrote epitaphs chiefly of genuine memorials, and sometimes occupied a position analogous to that of our poet laureate. He produced what is perhaps the most famous epitaph ever written, that on the three hundred who were annihilated in resisting the Persian invasion at Thermopylae in 480. It has not been unworthily translated by Wordsworth's friend, William Bowles :

> Go tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
> That here obedient to their laws we lie.

A year later the same enemy was decisively beaten at the battle of Plataea ; Simonides again rose nobly to the occasion, and wrote inscriptions both for the Athenian and Spartan dead :—

> If valour's best be gallantly to die,
> Fortune to us of all men grants it now,
> We to set Freedom's crown on Hellas' brow
> Laboured, and here in ageless honour lie.
>
> W. C. LAWTON

> Into the dark death cloud they passed, to set
> Fame on their own dear land for fadeless wreath,
> And dying, died not. Valour lifts them yet
> Into the splendour from the night beneath.
>
> H. MACNAGHTEN

Simonides displays the same genius in memorials of a more personal nature. For example :—

> This is the grave-stone of Theognis of Sinope,
> which Glaucus set up in memory
> of their long friendship.

An epitaph on a Cretan merchant reads :—

> Here Brotachus from Cretan Gortyn lies ;
> He did not come for this, but merchandise.
>
> C. M. BOWRA

Another merchant met a more terrible death at sea :—

> A strange land holds thy bones ; the Euxine sea
> Has brought thee, roving Cleisthenes, thy doom.
> No honey-sweet returning was for thee,
> Nor sight of thy sea-girdled Chian home.
>
> WALTER LEAF

Lastly the poet wrote a memorial for a friend, a sooth-sayer who had foreseen the Spartan disaster at Thermopylae, but had not flinched from fighting. In G. B. Grundy's rendering it runs :—

> This is the grave of famous Megistis, whom
> Beside Spercheius' stream the Persian slew ;
> A seer he, who dared to share the doom
> Of Sparta's leaders, though that doom he knew.

In Simonides we find the beginning of the end of Greek epitaphs in their purest form. In this branch of poetry he achieved a simplicity, a nobility, and a restrained pathos that has remained unequalled ever since.

In succeeding centuries dignity and simplicity tend to give way to studied emotional and artistic effect. Greek literature at this period is on the decline, but, as is usual in ages of decadence, produces much that is beautiful amid much that is not.

Caltimachus (310–240), an accomplished scholar and probably the head of the Alexandrian library, represents the perfection of this sophisticated age of poetry. Much of his work, however, is spoilt by affectation and elaboration and even when cultivating simplicity he lacks something of the spirit of Simonides. One of his most touching epitaphs is that of a friend and fellow-scholar, Heraclitus. It is familiar in English in

William Cony's rendering, which, whatever its charm, is a very different thing from the original.

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead ;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky.
And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake
For death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.*

In the older style are two other beautiful pieces :—

Here Philip buried his twelve-year-old
son, his high hope, Nicoteles.

Here lapped in hallowed slumber Saon lies :
Asleep, not dead ; a good man never dies.

J. A. SYMONDS

Another typical example of the age is an epitaph on Callimachus himself by a friend :—

O thou who didst with Poetry ever dwell,
Even in death, Callimachus, fare well.

In a similar style is the famous couplet said to have been written by Plato on one of his astronomy pupils. The translation is Shelley's, but here again the original loses its chief characteristics in English :—

Thou wert the morning star among the living
  Ere thy fair light had fled ;
Now having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
  New splendour to the dead.

To a later age belong :—

Death unrelenting snatched me, light of heart,
  Callimachus, a child of five ; but you
Weep not for me. I had but little part
  In life, and in life's sorrow little too.

H. MACNAGHTEN.

When Orpheus died, some Muse the lyre still fingered
  But Plato passed, and mute the viol lies :
For in his heart and in his hand there lingered
  Some remnant of the ancient melodies.†

A. J. BUTLER

* The last two lines refer to the dead man's poems.

† The reference is to a musician, Plato, of whom nothing is known ; it would apply no less aptly, however, to the philosopher.

A couplet on a dead slave reads :—

> She who was once but in her flesh a slave
> Hath for flesh found freedom in the grave.
>
> J. A. SYMONDS

A piece in a semi-humorous tone is paraphrased thus by A. W. Hair :—

> Here I, Jock Scott frae Peterhead,
> At saxty year lie dour and deid,
> A bachelor—for wed I wadna :
> And och I wish my father hadna.

There was a tendency from early times, which culminated especially in the Roman and Byzantine periods of Greek literature, to write imaginative epitaphs as a medium of humour, satire, literary criticism, history, or mere elegant writing. Epitaphs on perished cities were not uncommon, and the kings of Macedon even used this form to vituperate their political enemies.

Autobiographical epitaphs are always particularly revealing. The great tragedian Aeschylus wrote thus of himself :—

> This tomb hides Aeschylus, Athenian born,
> Euphorian's son, amid Gela's corn—
> How good a fighter, Marathon could tell :
> The long-haired Persian knows it all too well.
>
> E. B. OSBORN

It is a striking tribute to the early patriotism of Greece that one of the greatest of her poets should boast only of defending his country against the Persians. Callimachus summed up his life in a rather different vein :—

> Here lies Callimachus, who could both sing
> And o'er the wine-cup laugh at the right thing.
>
> J. M. EDWARDS

An imaginary epitaph could often express concisely a whole philosophy of life. For example :—

> Weeping I came to life, weeping I go ;
> All life I found one weeping tale of woe.
> Ah, piteous weeping race of feeble men
> Swept under each to lie and rot below.
>
> WALTER LEAF

and :—

> I was not. I was born. Now I am dead.
> Say nothing more : there's no more to be said.

It was a common literary exercise to write epitaphs on great figures of the past. The following rendering of one on the tragedian Sophocles reproduces, not only the charm, but also something of the metre of the original.‡

Quietly over the grave of Sophocles, quietly ever
Creep, sweet ivy, and spread ; flood it for ever with green ;
There may the rose too bloom ; there long may the clustering
grape-vine
Flourish and wreathe soft sprays tenderly over his head.
Wisdom and beauty of speech the Muses and Graces together
Gave to him ; sweet was his song—nay, it was honey itself.

The hedonist Anacreon was characterised thus :—

Pour a libation, stranger, as you pass.
It is Anacreon's tomb. He loved his glass.

EARL OF CROMER

One of the many epitaphs on Plato runs :—

Earth in her breast hides Plato's dust ; his soul
The blest immortals in their ranks enrol.

J. A. SYMONDS

The ship-wrecked sailor, to whose fate the Greeks were particularly sensitive, was a common, and often fruitful, theme for the epigrammatist. For example :—

God by land and sea defend you
Sailors all, who pass my grave ;
Safe from wreck his mercy send you,—
I am one he did not save.

T. F. HIGHMAN

or

No heap of dust or petty stones
Marks Erasippus' grave ;
His tomb spreads wide before thine eye,
The illimitable wave.
Lost with his ship, somewhere his bones
Are mouldering below,
Whelmed in the deep ; but where they lie
Only the sea-mews know.

WALTER LEAF

‡ The rendering is by J.A.F., in *Greece and Rome*, vol. II, page 182.

In a lighter vein are :—

> I know not whether to complain
> Of Bacchus' wine or Zeus' rain ;
> Both for the feet are treacherous ;
> There Smyrniot Polyxenus,
> Returning whence he'd been to dine,
> Slipp'd and fell ; the moral mark—
> When you've had your fill of wine,
> Beware wet footpaths after dark.
>
> J. H. EDWARDS

And finally a rap on the knuckles by Simonides for his enemy Timocreon :—

> Here lies Timocreon ; Lord, what a mess
> Of beer and beef and bitterness.
>
> H. W. GARROD

These are an extremely small, and a far from representative selection, of extant Greek epitaphs. Furthermore I have distinguished very little as regards the authors or periods which produced them, considering their general spirit more important than their individual characteristics. It is possible to exaggerate the unity and continuity of the Greek epigram, and it is wise to recall that imitation was very common, and that the language soon ceased to be much more than a literary dialect. Nevertheless, it is unique in history that such richness of vocabulary, such purity of metre, and such beauty of expression should be preserved in a more or less living form for some seventeen centuries.

The reader will no doubt observe many similarities between these and other more modern epitaphs of his acquaintance. This is to be ascribed chiefly to the universality of sentiment which underlies all such compositions, since of themselves they have naturally lacked the collective force to leave any deep mark on subsequent literature. Nevertheless, they have that in them which will not easily be forgotten ; and they conform to the well-known prescriptions ; like bees they are small things and like bees they can both bear honey and sting.

BALLADE OF RESIGNATION

The black-out banishes the evening light
The siren sounds the knell of parting day
The warbling note steals softly—oh, all right,
I know I stole those lines from Gaffer Gray.
My own resource has dwindled all away
Blame if you will that unsäglicher Herr,
And if you find my verse unsäglich, pray
Accept the explanation : *c'est la guerre.*

I don't mind being kept awake all night,
I hear Lord Woolton's edicts and obey.
I don't mind being rationed, and I'm quite
Resigned to turnips for my déjeuner.
I haven't had a cigarette to-day ;
I shall have none tomorrow. Do I care ?
I simply chew a piece of straw and say
(To use a French expression) : ' *C'est la guerre.*'

My boots are polished and my buttons bright
I'm seldom grim, and nearly always gay.
I never spread despondency, despite
An overdraft that's plainly come to stay ;
While Kingsley Wood is asking me to pay
The taxes of a multi-millionaire.
Que voulez-vous, M'sieur le Chancelier ?
Excuse the French, but really—*c'est la guerre.*

Prince, from your pedestal as you survey
The land of England, what do you see there ?
A race bomb-conscious or war-weary ? Nay
A race that takes what comes, for—*c'est la guerre.*

MICHAEL DERRICK

THE OLDEST MEDICAL UNIVERSITY

THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO

DERMOT MORRAH

THE *three great nations of the world*, says Gibbon, *the Greeks, the Saracens, and the Franks, encountered each other on the theatre of Italy.* The lands that were afterwards to become the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, were, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the seat of the most cosmopolitan culture of the cosmopolitan middle ages; and it is not surprising therefore that out of the intercourse of these three great races, all with world-wide interests and connexions, there should arise the first learned society since classical times that can be recognized as a university.

These south Italian lands were indeed at that time the centre of the civilized world. Let it be remembered that Europe was in a state of siege; since the ninth century the Saracen power had formed on the map the sign of the crescent, stretching from Asia Minor through Palestine, Egypt, and North Africa into Spain. The Christian peoples, still in all the welter of the barbarian invasions, conscious of the Roman unity in the face of this common foe, were none the less permanently on the defensive. For they were not only surpassed in military power, but in organization, in learning, and in every aspect of secular culture. Not till well into the twelfth century could it have been said with certainty that the ultimate civilization of Europe would be derived from Rome and Athens, not from Cairo and Baghdad.

Now the island of Sicily and the neighbouring mainland were the meeting place of these irreconcilable cultures, both in peace and in war. But its geographical position contributed in other ways to make it of supreme importance to the world. The direct road to the East from northern and western Europe lay through the south Italian ports; pilgrims in the earlier years and crusaders in the later provided a constant stream of new men and new ideas; while through the same channels were maintained the communications of the Latin West with Constantinople, still by far the most highly civilized of the Christian states.

Moreover, the Papacy, now embarking on its great mediaeval mission of re-imposing order and the Pax Romana on a semi-barbarous Europe, faced constantly north against the Emperors across the Alps; consequently Sicily was in its rear, and acquired that vital strategic significance that is summed up in the famous epigram of St. Bernard, writing to the Emperor Lothar II :—' Omnis enim qui se regem facit in Sicilia contradicit Caesari.'

At the end of the tenth century we may still regard southern Italy as an outlying part of Greece. Goths, Vandals, and Lombards had successively ravaged it; the latter had founded some more or less permanent dynasties. But Byzantium still maintained effective government in Apulia and Calabria; while the principalities of Benevento, Capua, and Salerno directed an untrustworthy and shifting allegiance more often towards the Eastern Emperor than to any other suzerain.

Moreover, Greek was still a widely spoken language of the country. It was dotted with monasteries of the Greek rite, and in them survived an attenuated but continuous tradition of Greek literature and learning. Undoubtedly these Greek communities still possessed the written works of many of the Greek physicians. Nevertheless, as we shall see, they contributed curiously little to the growth of the medical school.

The Saracen power was firmly established in Sicily. For our present purpose we have to remember that it represented at the time a homogeneous culture greater in geographical extent than any other that history records. Arabic literature was current from Spain to the borders of China; and a very large body of scientific and medical learning had grown up in various parts of these wide dominions, the whole of which became accessible to any student who penetrated at any point into the learned society of Islam. It is true that there was little original matter in the Arabic medical treatises. Their principles were wholly derived from the Greek writers, who were represented in a debased form. But the Mahommedan lands offered to visitors from Europe the spectacle of a system of medical theory actually being applied by a body of practitioners whose vocation was held in honour, and on whose clinical experience it was possible to draw.

The third of Gibbon's three great nations comes later into

the story, but it may be convenient to say a few words about it here. To the student of the eccentricities of human heredity there can be no problem more fascinating than that of the Normans. In the ninth century they did not exist. They came into being in the tenth as the result of a curious blending of peoples in northern France. The hybrid product was something fantastically unlike either of the parent stocks, and in the eleventh century it swept the western world. Norman states were set up from Palermo to Novgorod and from Antioch to the marches of Wales. And by the end of the twelfth century the race was forgotten as if it had never been. So far as any recognizable signs can be traced, Norman blood to-day is as extinct as simple faith.

Now the Middle Ages were the great time of the founding of institutions, and they owe this character primarily to the Normans. These children of the arch-destroyers, the Scandinavian pirates, are one of the great constructive forces of history. Wherever they went they set up an elaborate and organized feudalism, out of which have come the great enduring institutions of subsequent times. It was Norman genius for form that gave us our parliament and our law-courts, that created the intricate legal codes of Jerusalem and Sicily; and the passing of Salerno under Norman rule in 1076 was undoubtedly the event that determined the future of its medical fraternity, and insured that they should band themselves into a formal corporation, the parent of all the medical corporations of subsequent times. If the medical profession is to-day the most dogmatic of hierarchies, and the most exclusive of trade unions, we owe it to the fact that its spiritual ancestors had their character formed under the Norman kings of Sicily, and especially under that brilliant constructive genius, Roger the Great.

To return to the first period of the school, we are not only in what have been aptly called the Benedictine centuries; we are also in the Benedictine lands. The great abbey of Monte Cassino stands in the hills about eighty miles from Salerno; and the old theory that the medical school is its direct child is sufficiently exploded by a glance at the map. But colonies of the monks were founded during the dark ages in dozens of cities up and down the coasts of southern Italy; and one of these existed at Salerno. They invariably maintained some

contact with the mother house; and through them the scholars of Salerno had access to the great mass of ancient manuscripts copied and preserved therein. Many of these have come down to us; and they include a large number of medical works. All of them are translations from the Greek or abridgements thereof; they are copies of copies of copies; but they do represent a tradition handed down through many centuries, and preserving, fragmentary in form and corrupt in language, but free from accretion, the authentic teaching of the Hippocratic school. No doubt they were intended primarily for the use of the infirmarian attending the brethren; but the presence of an abbreviation of the treatise of Soranus on obstetrics at least suggests that some of the learned monks may have occasionally exercised their skill outside the abbey-walls.

The reason why Salerno in particular should have become the seat of the earliest organized medical study is not difficult to see. The medical profession is a morbid growth; it is a by-product of disease. Where invalids abound, there also will physicians. Now the magnificent position of Salerno at the head of its gulf, together with its mineral springs, made it one of the great health resorts of the Middle Ages. Illustrious and wealthy invalids from far and near crowded into it; about A.D. 980 Archbishop Adalbero came all the way from Rheims in the hope of being cured of the stone. Now it has often been observed that the diseases of the wealthy need specially skilled and careful treatment, and unusually elaborate remedies. Where the body is, there also will the eagles be gathered together; there can be no doubt that the medical profession throve exceedingly in Salerno before ever what we know as Salernitan literature began.

Certainly the pioneers had good reason to seek out a spot where their craft was appreciated. To illustrate the status of medicine just before the historical emergence of the school, I will cite two facts.

In the ordinary curriculum of the monastic and cathedral schools throughout Europe, which represented the most advanced learning of the age before the beginning of universities, medicine did indeed find a place. But it came into the seven liberal arts only in the humble position of a sub-branch of geometry.

The medical practitioner himself was not without legal recognition. Here are two extracts from the Laws of the Visigoths, still in force in parts of south Italy just before the time with which we are dealing :—

> If a physician, in bleeding a free-born patient, shall make him ill, he shall be fined a hundred shillings. If the patient die, the physician shall be handed over to the relations, to be dealt with according to their pleasure. If he shall make a slave ill, or kill him, he shall replace him with a slave of equal value.
>
> No man shall cast his physician into prison without trial, except for murder.

On the whole, however, these early physicians profited by the curiously tolerant atmosphere that has always distinguished this part of Italy. It was tolerant even of doctors—no easy matter in that age, for as late as 1085 we find Sichelgaita, the Lombard wife of the Norman, Robert Guiscard, obtaining from the arch-physicians of Salerno a 'lethiferous potion' for the efficacious removal of her step-son Bohemund, who had been sent there for his health.

Throughout the period of the Norman dominion it was possible for self-contained communities of Catholics, Greek Orthodox, Mahommedans, and even Jews to live side by side under their own laws and customs; and although the spirit of toleration was not of the kind that admits of much intercourse between the different bodies, the founders of the medical school were able to draw upon the distinct traditions of learning of all four. Indeed, legend ascribed the foundation to the agreement of four physicians, a Greek, a Latin, a Saracen, and a Jew; and, although we cannot give the story more than metaphorical value, we can trace the four influences in the careers of the very first Salernitan doctors who come before us.

The earliest of these is a very dim figure, about whom we cannot be sure that he ever actually taught at Salerno at all, though he was certainly active in the neighbourhood. He was a Jew, one Shabbethai ben Abraham ben Joel; but it will be simpler to refer to him by his Italian name Donnolo, the Master. His life occupies the greater part of the tenth century, and his main importance is that he seems to unite in his person all the four racial threads of the legend. He was born among the Greeks of Otranto; he was carried off in childhood by

raiding Saracen pirates to Palermo and there began to study Arabic. After being ransomed he continued his study of that language under an Arabic teacher whom he found in his native town, and acquired, while carrying on the practice of medicine, *all the sciences of the Greeks, Arabs, Babylonians, and Indians.*

But the Otranto Jews do not seem to have appreciated this paragon, and in time he transferred himself to the Latin lands further to the north-west. An anecdote has survived telling of his meeting with the eminent hermit, St. Nilus of Rossano. Donnolo addressed the saint as follows :—' I have heard of thy ascetic life and the excessive abstinence which thou dost practise, and, knowing as I do the constitution of thy body, I marvel greatly that thou has not passed into a decline. And therefore, reverend sir, if thou wilt permit, I will administer unto thee a drug suitable to thee, that henceforth and throughout life thou mayest be free from sickness.' Thereon, drawing himself up, the father replied with dignity :—' One of your Jews has said " It is better to trust in God than to rely on man." Relying on God and on our Lord Jesus Christ I therefore will have none of thy medicines. And on thy side thou wilt not be able further to delude us innocent Christians as thou wouldst if thou couldst boast that thou hadst given one of thy beastly pills to Nilus.'

Dr Singer makes of this dim personage, of whom a fragment of a Hebrew work survives, an emblematic figure of early Salerno. But the serious history of the school begins two generations later with one Gariopontus. St. Peter Damiani testifies to his skill as a physician, but his written works contain nothing original, being merely compilations from Galen and others.

Another name contemporary with Gariopontus has been given a far wider fame. Feminist erudition has long been accustomed to claim Salerno as the first university to grant degrees to women. An illustrious succession of female names has been quoted in vindication of the early eminence of women in the medical art. Unsympathetic scholarship has whittled away the romantic story of these ' Ladies of Salerne,' reducing most of them to the status of midwives, and even disproving the very existence of some. But one matriarchal figure seemed unshakable. The learned historian Salvatore de Renzi, growing lyrical over the superior delicacy of an age in which women were attended in sickness only by their own sex, devoted a whole

chapter to a most erudite study of the life and works of the great Trotula, first doctress of medicine, and famous for centuries as Dame Trot. He even identified her husband and her two sons.

But sacrilegious hands have been laid even upon Trotula. Her two treatises, one on the diseases of women, the other on cosmetic hygiene, have indeed come down to us under her own name. But it has now been discovered that the word Trotula is merely a conventional abbreviation, of a type common in mediaeval Latin, meaning the works of Trottus, a male physician of the mid-eleventh century. And so the mother of women doctors sinks into the phantom of a title-page !

The next name to be considered is one of the most curious of mediaeval personalities. Constantine the African was regarded by some writers as the founder of the school of Salerno. He can scarcely claim that distinction, but he is one of the fathers of its literature, and he gave a new bent to its studies. He went on to India and then to Ethiopia, acquiring the wisdom of those countries, and so after thirty-nine years of study back to Carthage. The excellent Benedictine admirer who records these things may be suspected of a little haziness in his geography ; but there is no doubt that Constantine was a man of the greatest erudition.

It is the more melancholy, therefore, to find that, as in the case of Donnolo a hundred years before, his great learning did not win him popularity among his own people. Indeed, they referred to it as ' the cunning of the gentiles,' and Constantine with difficulty escaped across the sea to Salerno, where he lay hid in the disguise of a beggar until he was fortunate enough to attract the notice of Robert Guiscard, who had recently captured the town and made it his capital. Constantine became private secretary and physician to Robert, and ten years later entered the monastery of Monte Cassino, where he spent the evening of his days writing and translating medical works. Not all of these have survived, but a list of them, given by Leo of Ostia, may afford an idea of the scope of the medicine of the day. The list is as follows :—

1. Pantechne, divided into twelve books, containing the knowledge that it is necessary for the physician to possess.
2. Praxis, containing the manner in which the physician preserves health and cures diseases.

3. The book of simple steps (graduum simplicium).
4. Diet.
5. On fevers, translated from the Arabic.
6. On urine.
7. Viaticum, divided into seven parts: diseases of the head, diseases of the face, etc.
8. On the internal organs.
9. On instruments.
10. On diseases of the stomach and intestines.
11. On weaknesses of the liver, kidneys, spleen, bladder and lungs.
12. On the creatures that are born on the outer skin.
13. Commentary on the Aphorisms of Hippocrates.
14. The book of the art: the great art: the little art.
15. The book of antidotes.
16. Dialogue between Plato and Hippocrates.
17. On simple drugs.
18. On gynecology.
19. On the pulse.
20. On experiments.
21. Herbs and how to know them.
22. On the eyes.

This mass of literature purported to be an original contribution of Constantine's to medical learning is, in fact, wholly derived from earlier writers; for Constantine was one of the most accomplished plagiarists in an age when plagiarism was a fine and even respected art; and scholarship has not even yet succeeded in detecting all his sources. He is now, however, thought to have relied mainly on Jewish writers.

We have now reached the end of the eleventh century and can begin to discern signs that the doctors of Salerno are rising in the world. One of them, Alphanus, had already crowned a distinguished medical career by elevation to the archiepiscopal see, an honour that, even to-day, the general practitioner usually regards as beyond his reach. In 1099 Robert, Duke of Normandy, sailed from Palestine to consult the doctors of Salerno about a poisoned wound in his arm that he had received on crusade. On this occasion the doctors of Salerno are said to have addressed to him the celebrated treatise in verse entitled 'Regimen Sanitatis,' which for many centuries and in dozens of translations remained a popular handbook of domestic medicine throughout Europe. Whether it was actually addressed to Robert may be doubted; certainly much of it is of older date, and some versions contain material added since

his time. But the invocation with which it starts, though in some texts addressed to a king of the Franks instead of a King of the English, is in all cases made in the name of the 'Schola tota Salerni,' and almost certainly belongs to about 1100. We may thus feel fairly confident that there already existed, at least half a century earlier than anything of the kind at Paris or Bologna, a definite organized corporation of doctors of medicine at Salerno. Indeed, as early as 1040 we find a book of Gariopontus published in the name of the author and his colleagues, which seems to suggest the germs of a school even then.

It is tempting to linger over the 'Regimen Sanitatis,' for it contains much quaint and curious wisdom. But I can quote only a few lines, which I take from the early seventeenth century translation by Sir John Haryngton :—

> Of Bleeding many profits grow and great,
> The spirits and senses are renewed thereby :
> Tho these men slowly by the strength of meat,
> But these with wine restor'd are by and by.
> It maketh cleane your braine, relieues your eye,
> It mends your appetite, restoreth sleepe,
> Correcting humours that do waking keepe :
> All inward parts and senses also clearing,
> It mends the voyce, touch, smell & taste, & hearing.

Further :—

> To bleed doth cheere the pensiue, and remoue
> The raging furies bred by burning loue.

It seems a pity that so all-embracing a remedy should have been allowed to fall into neglect.

Two other pieces of traditional lore are sufficiently familiar to be quoted in the original :—

> Sex horis dormire sat est juvenique senique
> Septem vix pigro, nulli concedimus octo ;

and

> Post coenam stabis aut passus mille meabis.

To return from this digression, we find a further proof of the increasing fame of the Salernitan school in the fact that at the very beginning of the twelfth century a work of Petrocellus, one of the contemporaries of Gariopontus, was actually current in England in an Anglo-Saxon translation.

About this time we get a glimpse of the mediaeval general practitioner on his rounds. It is taken from a book written by

Archimatthaeus, one of the teachers of Salerno, to instruct his pupils in professional deportment and the technique of the bedside manner :—

When the physician goes to visit his patients he should place himself under the protection of God and of the angel who accompanied Tobias. On his way he will try and learn from the person who came to fetch him as much as possible of the condition of the patient in order to put himself *au courant* of the affection he will have to treat, so that if, after having examined the urine and felt the pulse, he cannot soon learn the nature of the illness, he can by means of the facts previously ascertained inspire confidence in the patient by proving to him that he has divined something of the nature of his sufferings. It is well that the sick man before the arrival of the physician should confess himself or undertake to do so, because if his doctor finds it necessary for him he will believe his case desperate, and the inquietude will aggravate his illness, whereas more than one sick man who provides against the reproaches of his conscience recovers because of his reconciliation with the Great Physician.

On his entrance the physician makes his salutations with a grave and modest demeanour, seats himself to take breath, praises, if opportunity affords, the beauty of the location, the elegance of the mansion, the social distinction of the family, in this way gaining the goodwill of those present and giving the sick man time to regain his composure.

Then follow directions about feeling the pulse and examining the urine, after which Archimatthaeus proceeds :—

On departing, the physician promises the patient he shall recover ; to those who are about the sickbed however he must affirm that the patient is very ill ; if the patient recovers the physician's reputation will be enhanced, should he die the physician can state that the outcome was as he predicted. He should not allow his eyes to fix themselves on the wife or daughter, however beautiful they may be, for that would forfeit his honour and compromise the welfare of the patient by drawing upon the household the anger of God. If he is requested to dine, as is the custom, he must show himself neither indiscreet nor greedy. Unless he is forced he should not take the first place at the table, although that should be reserved for the priest or physician. If in the house of a peasant he should taste everything without finishing it, remarking on the rusticity of the food ; if, on the contrary, the table is delicate, he should not yield to the pleasure of the appetite. He should ask for information of the state of the patient from time to time, who will be charmed to find that he is not forgotten amidst the pleasures of the repast. Upon leaving the table the physician must go to the bedside of the patient, assure him how well he has fared, and above all must not forget to show solicitude concerning the regulation of the diet of the sick man.

One of the most eminent teachers of the school was Egidius of Corbeil, who eventually became court physician to King Philip Augustus of France. He wrote on what seem to have been the two favourite subjects of the school. One of these was the pulse; and it is curious to note how minutely this symptom was analysed at Salerno. The following list of different kinds of pulse comes from a rather earlier writer of the school :—

Rarus, segnes, in alto positus, lassus, sordidus, ingens, citatus, vehemens, creber, parvus, velox, densus, defossus, deciduus, quasi jaculum contractus, clarus, inanis, librans, tremulus, incognitus, se subducens, defectior, inclusus, exaltatus, bene dispositus, levis ictus, spissus, fluctuans, validus, tardus non comparens, formicans, mitis, succus, pigris, imbecillus, dispari tempore respondens.

The other important treatise of Egidius is a long poem on a topic that at first seems unpromising. I have not read it; but I have no doubt that it is an example of how the true poet can extract beauty and romance from regions where they are quite imperceptible to the eye of less favoured mortals. The subject of the poem is 'Urine.'

As so often happens, official recognition came to Salerno when it was already past its prime. In 1224 the Emperor Frederick II as part of his anti-papal policy, tried to found a university in his own dominions which should rival the stronghold of the canonists at Bologna. He fixed on Naples for its site, that city being part of his territory as heir of the Norman kings. A faculty of medicine was included, but failed immediately, and in 1231 Frederick issued an ordinance bestowing the sole right of licensing medical practitioners on the doctors of Salerno.

From the statutes and charters of this time it is possible to glean a little information about the course of studies required by the university. The candidate, before taking up medicine at all, had to spend three years in the study of logic, which in practice meant a considerable part of the works of Aristotle, Boetius and Porphyry. He then spent five years studying medicine, and attending lectures on Hippocrates and Galen; later on, Avicenna was added. After this, provided he had attained the age of twenty-one and was of legitimate birth, he might present himself in the king's court before the doctors of

the university for examination. Little is known of this test, but analogies from other universities make it likely that it consisted largely of expounding and commenting on passages from the standard text-books.

Having passed the examination, the candidate had to serve a further year of apprenticeship to a practising physician. This appears to have been the first clinical experience he acquired. He was then authorized to practise on his own account as a physician; though for a licence in surgery a further year's study of anatomy (porcine, of course) was required. The doctors admonished him of certain legal obligations of his profession, *e.g.*, that he must attend the poor for nothing, visit his patients at least twice a day and, if sent for, once a night, and abstain from selling his own drugs, and sent him out into the world to exercise his craft.

In the above sketch of the Salernitan curriculum occurs the ominous name Avicenna. We have now reached the time when the Arabian learning began to sweep across Europe, and was eagerly welcomed in many universities, notably in the medical faculties of Montpellier and Bologna. But Salerno remained true to Hippocrates and by consequence gradually slipped out of the tide of progress. Arabian medicine was destined to remain dominant for four hundred years. During that time Salerno continued to slip steadily down hill. By the end of the eighteenth century it had become a place of bogus degrees, and Napoleon closed it in 1811. Daremberg, who visited the city thirty-seven years later, reported that it was already forgotten. There was, he writes, 'No echo of tradition, not a stone of the ancient edifice; not one manuscript in a library; not even a good edition of the 'Regimen Salernitanum' in the home of the only doctor, Santorelli, in whom the old remembrances were not extinct.'

SELF-INTEREST OR SACRIFICE?

Dear Sir,

In the discussions of a Post War New Order, our attention is drawn repeatedly to the benefits which the present situation has, quite indirectly, brought to us, it has been pointed out that through evacuation many town children are for the first time

enjoying the advantages of country life; those who advocate more collective living have hailed the introduction of communal feeding centres, as a long overdue reform now come to stay, and only a short time ago Mr Herbert Morrison pointed out the advantages of a scientific diet enforced upon us by the present food restrictions. All these advantages it is suggested can be preserved in the Post-War order together with others not as yet achieved; we are encouraged to look forward, not merely to a return to normal living in peace and freedom, but to the attainment of more ease and comfort, a *higher standard of living* for all the world.

I suggest that these and similar exhortations, do less than justice to the British people; it is not in order to raise their standard of living that men and women are facing death, happily, day after day, ordinary simple people with no theories; it is not in order to have more comfort later that men in the fighting forces perform the heroic deeds of which we read, but for quite different motives, and different ends. I suggest that of all the lessons the war has taught us, by far the most important and profound is that the old appeal to sacrifice is still as strong and dynamic as ever. It has been the strength of the Autocracies that they have dared, even in times of peace, to make the appeal for sacrifice to their people, but strangely, we have seemed afraid to do so.

It is an insult to a noble people that our leaders have shrunk from making this appeal; even now when sacrifice must be demanded, they fail to recognise its value and base their exhortations on self-interest. It is also a psychological mistake.

It is recognised that in heavily bombed districts, the 'morale' is higher than in sheltered places; the high spirits of the troops in action has been noted, but it appears that none of our public men has drawn the obvious conclusions.

Surely we must not leave to Vichy France the monopoly of Regeneration through suffering?'

Yours, etc.,

ROSALIND MURRAY.

35 Ashley Court, S.W.

IMPERFECT FELICITY

Lovely my cat, lying in elegant ease
Before the vista'd caverns of frosty fire,
Each contented limb sprawled in abandon
To the sleepy warmth—what Epicurean ecstasy
Is this, godlike, watching the careless flames
That burn into the night and the sparks fly up ?

Though in the spotlight of your master's love
You hold the momentary stage, your scene's no drama ;
Action is the secret, though Christ also suffered ;
Doing unlocks the doorway to the quiet mind.

Beneath wide skies the windy ploughman watches
The curled bright furrow that polishes the share ;
See the craftsman finger the sensitive grain
That draws his hand ;
Climb the Needle with the mountaineer, to whom
Wastwater glimpsed between the thighs is no terror,
A handsbreadth hold is acres of content.

This is mortal delight—further than this,
Michaelangelo, high under the roof,
Touching God's finger in his infinite desire,
Is yet bounded by pigment and the moulded flesh ;
Beethoven counterpoints the unheard voices
Soaring to reach those crystal battlements
That no man scales ; only the far splendour
Burns in our hearts, of mansions where we know
The easy fireside no heaven, action achieves
A limited equation of goodness and beauty.

ROBIN ATTHILL.

ASPECTS OF THE WAR

I. THE MORAL OF LONDON DEBRIS

IN the eighteenth century when Doctor Johnson had been asked out to dine he was aggravated to hear the conversation turn with scorn to his birthplace ; he replied with his usual wit that *the man who is tired of London is tired of life.* Such an epigram remains for to-day. One continues to see the cockney dustman with his thumbs up, with his capital in ruins, his *pub* in ashes, his home a heap of rubble, still grinning, still proud of his city in her plight. He stands as an indomitable pillar of his Empire—a pillar stronger by far than that of the capitalist. Instead he is a pillar of clay, but even clay has its merit for in it is contained the dust-spawn* of Adam, the fundamental substance of flesh and blood. Yet if we are to discover why he should suffer for the sins of his masters we must probe deep into the foundations of life.

It would take the most narrow-minded category of person to deny that before September 3rd, 1939, England was, for the most part, if Christian in exterior, Pagan within. The nation was prepared to allow the poor to live in their hovels, to tack orange skins on their shoes for a sole and to let their children lie in the sawdust of a meat shop for a winter blanket. If they complained they flung in their faces a three-room council flat. If they asked for family life, they were answered with birth-control. Man was prepared to live on as an individual irrespective of the community as a whole. Post-war life might be summed up as,

> †It matters not how straight the gate
> How charged with punishments the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate :
> I am the captain of my soul.

It mattered little indeed what compatriots might say so long as the *great egoistical I* was satisfied. It was to take a war to bring the nation back to one unity.

Out of evil comes good. Such is the theme of Paul Claudel's *Satin Slipper* ; such a theme might be taken as the moral of

* In the context this may be taken as a synonym for Aristotle's prime matter.

† From W. E. Henley's *Invictus.*

this war. None can deny that the bombing of civilians in itself is an evil end, but however evil it may be, it has certainly manifested the better fibres of man. The shelter, with all its inconveniences, has taught us to rub shoulder to shoulder with all; the mistress and her maid, the lord and his valet are one—both unanimous in search for protection from the raider. Nor does the catalogue of good the raider has brought end here.

Fear and passion are two extremes both of which, in different aspects, produce various qualities in man. As the one drives man further from God so does the other bring him nearer; it brings him into a deeper communion with the Infinite, *le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie.** It makes him realize his superiority to beast and thing, his inferiority to God. Furthermore it produces in him his better nature, a wish for the life which till this instant he has cursed, a desire to create. . . But this is to poach upon the grounds of the successive article.

We have seen the effect of evil and good, of fear and passion, with the result that it appears conclusive that the solution lies in religion. It is with amazing sincerity that the country has filled its churches on days of National Prayer. However, it seems wrong that prayer should be appointed to one day in particular. Rather should every day be a day of National Prayer. Whilst on this most important topic it would do well to recall many of the churches that lie gutted in the capital; that stand as relics of a past century—now only skeletons. It was after the last war when many had been the lamentations to God for a peace that finally when peace did come, it came only to be acclaimed by jubilation and an epitaph in Whitehall. The nation's God was forgotten. Canon Walton suggested that a church should be erected in gratitude for peace; little was the response given to him with the result that never was such a hope realized.

It cannot be said that London debris is without its moral. Even the Atheist must admit that, though much of that which was magnificent in the architectural sense has been ruined—in its destruction it has opened new paths in the field of architecture. There is no reason to assume that the present day architect is inferior to his predecessor: there is no reason to suppose why he should not yet build better and finer churches

*From Pascal's *Pensées*

than Wren. It should be remembered that progress, of necessity, is not alone confined to machinery.

Nevertheless we must turn from those basic materialistic lessons that London ashes have taught us to conclude with the rather less obvious morals to be drawn. Incessant bombing has brought the ordinary man in the street into a greater friendship with his companions, nearer to the realities of life and death, to a closer alliance with his masters, and finally into a deeper communion with God. If such relics are to remain after the war it will be then, and then alone, that the dustman will not have lost his home in vain.

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE.

II. THE CREATIVE TADPOLE

It is difficult to see why it needed a war to burst open the casket of the Muses in this country ; yet nothing else appears to have succeeded as well. Before 1940 one had the impression that there was lassitude in the air and that the air would never be cleared. That people of intelligence had given up striving after aesthetic pleasures in favour of going to the cinema to see a film of Mr Cecil B. de Mille's. 'A cast of thousands' was more impressive to the majority than the tragedy of *Othello* as played at the Old Vic., and infinitely more satisfactory. The human conception of beauty seemed to have become warped ; people allowed London to build a black Odeon amongst the shades of Burke and Johnson in Leicester square. London plays became more and more futile ; there were wars and rumours of wars.

The British people are now at war with Germany—Silence. Only the widows sighed ; the Unknown Warrior turned in his grave. A pause, then—England began to wake up from out of her stupor. The National Galleries started holding concerts during the lunch hour at prices totally unknown in the good old days of peace. Whilst every Englishman worked with both new and unknown energies at his newly-appointed tasks, the ghost of Shakespeare began to frequent its old haunts. King Lear, Romeo and Juliet and Mr John Gielgud appeared frequently before an ever-increasing and enthusiastic audience.

There arose a passionate longing for lunch-time amusements. Vast crowds, made up of every kind of Englishman, poured out of art-galleries, theatres and private houses at twelve o'clock every day as regularly as they teemed into the buses at six. Lunch-time ballet; lunch-time Shakespeare; lunch-time Mozart. Eager human beings, squatting on cushions on the floors of the various halls like on an Elizabethan stage, filled with a hitherto unknown feeling of reality and of fraternity and of Eternity, listened rapt and unconscious to the sounds of a positive regeneration of old culture.

With the first outbreak of hostilities, a spontaneous outburst of new learning and wisdom and charm made itself felt. Despite paper shortage, bombing, the rapid spread of calling-up, despite grave defeat itself, England not only carried on but began something new. Literary magazines and quarterlies were started; our poets, who had been in so many cases so silent during the years immediately preceding the war, sang to us once more. Hope was in the air; final defeat impossible. And whilst the first flames of enthusiasm have gradually sunk down to become the glowing embers of determination, this spirit still rules the roost. After two years of war we have no more intention of giving in than we had in September, 1939. Hope still dominates our actions; comradeship still rules our minds.

When the first day of the war was over, this was already evident. Our decision to fight Germany may have produced some heart-burnings but it served an almighty good purpose. With the commencement of the struggle all and sundry, as one man, rose sharply towards the pinnacle of Hope which we had sworn to conquer. The best characteristics of everyone in England have been brought out to oust the worst. Just as Mr Bevin and his merry men have been left an open door into the Government of the country, so has the country opened up its heart to a contemplation of greater and better issues. That is to say, providing the Russian alliance does not lead us off from the path of virtue along which we have sworn to travel, cost us what it may. As matters stand, the sudden progress and enthusiasm in the world of literature and of the arts is typical of our attempt to win through. If the cynic smiled when the

theatres first began to open at twelve for a lunch-hour performance, let him consider the position now. After two somewhat gruelling years, the enthusiasm which will pull England through this crisis is unabated. Indeed, it becomes daily more potent. It will continue to be irresistible. Whatever may happen in the years of peace after the war, the years of war 1939 to 194? will remain outstanding.

MICHAEL ALLMAND

III. EIRE AND HER PORTS

Ever since last June, Germany has realised that the prospects of a successful invasion of Britain have dwindled considerably; until these Islands have been conquered, no power on earth can prevent the German leader from benefiting from the spoils which he has amassed by his predatory policy and military victories upon the Continent of Europe.

Goering's attempt, last summer and autumn, to bombard the nation into surrendering by the dispatch of armadas of the *Luftwaffe* which ravaged great cities, ended in a superb victory for the Royal Air Force, despite the disparity in numbers, and an enormous toll of German machines. Furthermore, this aerial battle, aptly named the Battle of Britain, failed to shake the moral of the British people, or dislocate industry enough to impede the National War Effort.

Since the collapse of France last June, now over twelve months ago, Germany has acquired the dubious help of perfidious Italy and the remainder of Europe has been brought, unwillingly, to heel. But this avails Hitler nothing, and brings him no nearer the final victory which can never be his. As Mr Churchill has said, *nothing that Hitler or the Roman Whipped Jackal can do in the Near East, the Far East or the Middle East, can affect the final outcome of the war.* This will be fought out in the Atlantic.

Hitler has lost every battle which he has waged so far with the British people. His air force has been proved inferior to the Royal Air Force and an invasion has not been attempted. This is because it is on the sea that Britain is most powerful, and to win this war she must remain so. To gain a victory, not

only for her own liberty and ideals, but for the Freedom also of the Universe, Britain has the right to all possible assistance in defiance of the barbaric challenge of the Hun. Faced with so dangerous and powerful a foe, Britain has an obvious and plain right to avail herself of the Irish ports to assist the Royal Navy in its vital work against the attackers of British commerce in the Atlantic.

Since June last year the Navy has faced its enormous task alone. A naval force has to be maintained in the Mediterranean ; convoys of troops must be conveyed from one part of the globe to another ; exports must reach their destinations in order to help pay for the vital imports ; and a steady flow of munitions, now swelling to gigantic proportions as a result of the Lease and Lend Bill, must reach England from the United States. The oceans the world over are patrolled by units of the Royal Navy, and Naval establishments are maintained in the Far East. In addition to this, the blockade of Germany and the countries in her grasp is yet another job for the Navy. It stands to reason that in the execution of these arduous duties, the Royal Navy is entitled to all possible assistance. America has recognised this, and in exchange for certain bases, has not only handed over numerous destroyers but has permitted British warships to refit in American dockyards. Eire, however, denies the use of her ports to Britain and thereby imposes grievous and unnecessary hardships upon the naval power which is shielding her from the horror of a German invasion. It is idle to suppose that the Irish still possess an innocent trust in the promises of the German Moloch. On the contrary, they fear him. As an Irishman, I can say that all thinking Irishmen are convinced of the absolute necessity of a British triumph. President Roosevelt's words have been greatly taken to heart : *Would Ireland be an amazing exception* ? Would Ireland be free in a Europe not free ? The answer is evident ; emphatically, No.

In September, 1939, Mr de Valera may have had some justification in withholding the ports from Britain. He could argue that they had been irrevocably signed away by Mr Chamberlain in his quest for closer Anglo-Irish relations. In 1939, however, Britain had the support of the powerful French Navy, and Hitler had not yet succeeded in invading Europe. Since then, the Nazi ambition of world domination has been recognised by

practically every state. Mr de Valera must realise that Eire too would be in a bondage far worse than anything contemplated were it not for the fact that she is an island, protected by British Naval power. Two years have passed since September, 1939, and the United States of America are doing everything possible to speed Britain on the path to victory. President Roosevelt is aware of Britain's vital position in the fight for Freedom, and he has every faith in her integrity. Yet Eire denies all help. Mr de Valera would almost appear to be taking advantage of Britain's strict observance of international law in order to imitate the ostrich, and bury his head in the illusory security of the sands of neutrality.

Eire's attitude towards the Atlantic ports is scarcely understood now in Britain. How can England sympathise with this inflexible neutrality, when Germany has seized every neutral in her grasp? The Irish know, or should know, that Britain has no desire to curtail their independence. Britain is fighting this war, continuing steadfastly in the struggle, in order to vindicate the right of the small nations to a free and independent existence.

The possession of the Irish Ports would be of inestimable value to British Atlantic forces. British ships could refit, refuel and generally increase their efficiency in the hunt and destruction of U-boats. The Battle of the Atlantic would be won all the sooner, and the time would sooner arrive when Martyred Poland, and all the other subject races could find their national independence. Eire has the power to allow this to come to pass. Surely she will not ignore the privilege of striking at least one blow against the tyranny under which Europe now groans.

GERRARD RYAN.

STOCKPORT

Through the carriage window's neutral zone,
Separating safely dream from dreamer ;
From the trudging train with muffling streamer
Of dancing smoke across the window blown ;
In the foggy autumn evening's shadow ;
Factories seem lovely in the twilight,
Silhouetted red-rimmed in the half-night,
Rising over ranks of roofs which furrow
The field of murky darkness by the viaduct.
The viaduct spans aloof the sordid town,
Guarding safe the strangers staring down
With alien empty face upon the mad-mucked
Muddle of someone else's grimy town.
Behind the shadow mills with chimney fingers
Smudging the tawny fog with smoke that lingers
In them, humping mountains arch and frown,
Belittling the sallow sooty striding
Of the railway line across the valley,
Over smoke-choked chimney pots which tally
Each with each, regularly riding
On the ridges of the house-tops saddles.
Seen from the jolting jerking train
Panting its jarring way with grumbling pain
From the station to the bridge which straddles
The town, the town ; wet pavements and streaming gutters,
Fog-foul streets, with dimmed-down gas-lamps,
Factory chimneys, charmed by distance, stamps
Its face on the mind, though the scene fades, sputters,
And dies, as the smoke billows and the train moves on.

LAURENCE TOYNBEE

THE CHRISTIAN TRADITION IN FRENCH LITERATURE

E. A. COSSART

AT the beginning of the seventeenth century a vivifying Christian reaction made itself felt in French literature. The sixteenth century, as elsewhere, had been a period of general laxity, riotousness and scepticism. Rabelais had shown us the natural man in all its grossness while Montaigne with his amused *que sais-je ?* looked upon doubt as a soft pillow for a well-made head.

In 1609 St. Francis of Sales published his *Introduction to the Devout Life* and restored religious sentiment in France. He saw that polemics were not very efficacious in bringing Protestants back to the Faith or in reviving fervour in more or less indifferent Catholics. All he did was to put himself in contact with the soul of his reader so as to lead him to God. His little book lifts the veil covering our passions, denounces the miser who maintains that he is only careful, the proud man who resorts to humble ways in order to be raised all the higher, the hypocrite who in tribulations likes the honour which he may derive from them. In men and women of all conditions love of self must be replaced by love of God. What is good in Platonism is advocated, and we are not far from the Cornelian doctrine of will, which is the instrument of self-control.

A few months after St. Francis of Sales was born Blaise Pascal whose *Pensées* are probably the deepest book in the French language. *Nowhere*, says Maurice Baring, *except in the Book of Job, has the misery of mankind been expressed in more poignant and profounder accents than in Pascal's Pensées* :—

Let us imagine a number of men in chains, all condemned to death, of whom some are strangled every day in the sight of the others, while those who remain see their own condition in that of their fellows, and wait their turn looking at each other sorrowfully and without hope. This is an image of the lot of man.

It is in vain, O Men, that you seek from yourselves the remedy of your miseries. All your light can only enable you to know that not in

yourselves will you find truth or good. The philosophers promised you these, but gave them not. . . .

Jesus suffered in His Passion the torments which men inflicted on Him. . . .

Jesus will be in agony even to the end of the world. . . .

Jesus, while His disciples slept, wrought their salvation. He has wrought that of each of the just while they slept both in their nothingness before their birth, and in their sins after their birth. . . .

Repent then for my secret sins, and for the hidden malice of those which thou knowest.—Lord, I give Thee all.

No one ever expressed more forcibly the paradox of man's dual nature. No one ever proclaimed with more startling clearness and certainty that the sole hope of man is to be found in the revelation of Jesus Christ.

* * *

If we consider the drama, we find that the two finest tragedies are on religious subjects. The great Cardinal Richelieu had just died when Corneille produced *Polyeucte*. Polyeucte is not only the story of a martyr who joyfully sacrifices all *the bonds of the flesh and the world* and in the end, his life itself. It is the study of a mystic problem—not of Romantic mysticism, which is only naturalism, but of Christian mysticism. *Polyeucte is not a Christian at the beginning of the play*, says Professor Mornet; *he becomes one and becomes a hero*. This amazing uplift is due to the grace of God, that free gift which we receive in virtue of Christ's redemption. Of course grace does not free us for ever from all struggles; it can be lost by sin. Polyeucte and his friend Néarque know the snares of hell and our human weakness; but, like Corneille, they believe in moral courage and energy and are confident of victory. At first Polyeucte is just a good man who loves his wife, hesitates to leave her to go and receive baptism while she fears the portent of a dream. But after baptism, as he completely surrenders to the grace of God, a supernatural impetus carries him towards heroism, drives him towards heaven. He still has love for his wife and truly suffers, but he now loves her in God; human love has been transformed into mystic love.

Pauline is one of the greatest female characters that has ever appeared on the French stage. At the beginning of the play she does not seem to love her husband Polyeucte much because

she considers him nothing more than a plain, average man, and she *sighs* for Sévère when the latter returns covered with glory. But the peril which he had to face and his glory are mere human triumphs. Suddenly Polyeucte reveals to her the infinite and the eternal. To him heroism has ceased to be an effort, it has become, as it were, the substance of his soul. Pauline sees this. From this moment, by the invincible attraction which she feels for something greater, she forgets the man who knows only human triumphs, and gives herself to the man who already has the halo of divine triumph. She not only loves him, she adores him. She felt attracted by an ideal, and towards this ideal she went.

* * *

In Corneille's *Polyeucte* we see how the characters triumph through will power and the grace of God. In Racine's *Athalie* we see how God makes his cause triumph through the character. Athaliah, the impious Queen of Judah, has had all her children and grand-children slaughtered ; but the High Priest providentially saved one of them, Joash, *the last remnant of the House of David.* He has him brought up secretly in the Temple *under the wing of the Lord.* The time has now come for him to overthrow the ungodly usurper and crown Joash. Troubled by a dream, Athaliah comes to claim this unknown child, of whom she has caught sight. But Divine Providence led her into a snare : she comes in only to see Joash crowned, and to be slain. The play has an epic grandeur with the High Priest reading in the seeds of time the advent of the New Jerusalem, and with its choruses it abounds in lyrical poetry :—

> Let them weep, O my God ! Let them shudder with fear, these wretched ones, who shall never behold the eternal splendour of Thy holy city. It is for us to sing—us to whom Thou revealest Thy immortal glories—it is for us to sing Thy blessings and Thy greatness. . .
>
> O my God ! who can disturb the peace of a heart which loves Thee ? On earth, and even in heaven, can there be any blessing so great as the tranquil peace of a heart that loves Thee ?

If we were better Christians, remarks Jules Lemaître, *Athalie* would be to us what the great religious dramas of Aeschylus and Sophocles were to the Greeks. It shows us the New Alliance as the fulfilment of the Old Law. Here the poet gives place to the Christian philosopher and finds himself on the

same plane as Bossuet, tracing the action of Divine Providence in human history.

* * *

We are not surprised that Voltaire wrote amusing but shallow nonsense about *the beautiful soul of Polyeucte* and *young Joash in his long linen vesture.* The eighteenth century worshipped at the shrine of Goddess Reason, forgetting that, reason, like all our faculties, is limited, and that men such as Pascal, Corneille, Racine and Bossuet occasionally attained even greater profundity by delving into something that is more intrinsic. The reaction against this narrow outlook came with the publication of Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme* in 1802, which coincided with the signature of the Concordat between Pius VII and the First Consul, Bonaparte. After a period of dry rationalism and the terrible years of the Revolution a work of imagination and poetry was needed, and Christians will always read with delight some of its pages written in an incomparable style, like those in which he tells us of the sentiment of the infinite that came over him in the wilderness of the New World, or such as those on the *Ruins of Christian Monuments, the Rogations*, or *Country Churchyards.* Lamartine with his *Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses* (1830) is often, as it has been said, a Chateaubriand in verse. But in reading the Romantics we must be on our guard against mere religiosity.

About the middle of the nineteenth century Louis Veuillot gave us a very interesting account of his conversion in *Rome et Lorette*, incidentally confessing and denouncing certain moral evils which were rampant in his early environment. The period which preceded the year of 1870 was one of materialism, and the order of things which followed that disaster was not made to counteract it. A reaction began with the publication of Paul Bourget's novel *Le Disciple* in 1889, in which the author openly proclaimed the close relationship of the mind and its effects on real life.

The Catholic novelists Bordeaux and Bazin are also worth mentioning, preoccupied as they are with social problems—the most urgent of these being the question of depopulation, whose real remedy is in blowing up *Mahogany Huts* and things of that kind, and in impressing on the people the enormity of not living up to the principles of the *Casti Connubii* Encyclical.

Those who are interested in Christian architecture and its meaning will read with pleasure *Le Cathédral* (Chartres) by Huysmans, which reminds one that the Gothic Cathedral is perhaps the greatest thing that France has produced, for with its sculpture and stained glass it expresses nothing less than a whole conception of heaven and earth—the Catholic conception.

During the period which followed the Great War, philosophers like Maritain and Gilson and biblical scholars like Grandmaison and Lagrange, one might have hoped for a spiritual awakening, but alas ! . . . As it is, one seems to hear the voice of the children crying to their elders and that of all the well-wishers of France who turn towards her for inspiration praying that there may be a complete rebirth in faith and morals.

* * *

The Tablet wrote on January 18th, 1941 :—

La Croix (Dec. 9th) studies the latest decree on the teaching of morals in the schools and the new programme embodying this teaching. . . . All non-confessional schools will include in their syllabus official teaching on God, duties to God, and moral life. . . . The notion of God as known to reason must be taught together with the notions of creation, Providence and our duties to God as creatures. This will be the basis of the teaching of morality, which will be divided into chapters on mind, heart and will, the training of character, morality with regard to the family, and social morality.

GASOMETER

Alive, as was not Giotto's perfect circle,
Silent, yet teeming inwardly
With compressed life,
The Waldonbury gasometer takes the dawn.
It is not old like the crumbling Gothic arch,
But young, with that transcendent youth
Of vast mechanical things—
A dull magenta cowslip wrought of iron,
And ready to put on the gaseous leaves of springtime.
Its perfume is the honest, absolute smell
Of selfless industry.
And by its windless pollenation
A thousand flower-jets break into light
And strew with wan petals
The parlours of the uncontaminated.

Night and the dawn and daylight bloom and pass,
And it is night again.
Wearing a coronal of stars
See ! The Waldonbury Gasometer remains,
A tranquil condensation of a promise
In the dim entrails of the social conscience.

J. B. MORTON

A TRIP TO SPAIN IN 1902

N. S. REYNTIENS, O.B.E.

I WAS invited to pay a visit to Burgos in the summer of 1902. I arrived at Vittoria about mid-day and expected to reach Burgos later in the day. This was, however, not to be, for when I looked out of the window I saw to my astonishment an old friend, Santi, who told me to get out at once. When I enquired the reason he said that a great bull-fight was taking place there that very afternoon which he and his family had come specially to see and which I should certainly not miss.

It was only at four that we sallied forth to the bull-ring beneath the fierce August sun of Old Castile ; the ladies of the party having donned the *Mantilla* which is *de rigueur* for women of all ranks of society when attending a *Corrida*, the men wearing broad brimmed hats. The streets were crowded with all sorts and conditions of classes proceeding to the ring. The approach to the arena was filled with a motley collection of vendors of nougat, iced-water, oranges, manzanilla, chocolates, cigarettes, cold tortillas or omelettes made with potatoes, tomatoes and pimentoes and last but not least *aguardiente*, a kind of anisette of a potent character which I found very useful later on ! At the entrance to the ring the ladies separated from the men and went to their boxes, high up in the building, as they were not supposed to sit in the seats near the actual ring-side, which were reserved for men only.

I was taken by my friends to seats on the shady side of the arena called *alla sombra*, the most expensive that can only be procured by special favour. We were in very good time to see what I considered the most interesting part of the proceedings, the solemn and stately procession of the numerous actors who were to take part in the drama which was to ensue. All of them were clad in marvellous garments of many hues where red and gold predominated. They wore short, tight breeches with white stockings and pumps with the exception of the Picadores or mounted pikemen, who, in addition to stout boots or leggings, were protected on their legs by a kind of armoured cuirasse.

These were accompanied by the Capadores, the Banderillos and other toreros ; lastly but not least came the supreme masters of the *corrida*, the two matadors, more brilliantly arrayed than all their assistants, their costumes of scarlet heavily embroidered with gold costing probably more than two hundred pounds.

The procession, after its solemn entry, marched round the arena and halted in front of the box of the President of the *corrida* (probably the *Alcalde* or Mayor), and requested the keys of the *Torril* where the bulls had been kept since the previous day, having been driven there at night accompanied by tame cows whom they followed quite quietly.

It should, perhaps, be explained here that a *Corrida* consists in the killing of six bulls, three by each of the two matadors. The animals are specially bred for this purpose from a selected strain and are, I think, about four years old, as younger animals would not show sufficient fight.

The *Torril* was then opened and a smallish black bull rushed into the arena, then stopped as if dazzled by the light after the darkness of the stable; seeing, however, one of the *Capadores* agitating a red *Capa* or cloak he rushed towards him but the charge was nimbly evaded by the torero lightly stepping aside. After a few more passes of this nature the bull was manœuvred close to one of the *Picadores* mounted on one of the sorriest nags I have ever seen (they only cost a few pesetas), and the animal was induced to charge and gore it, the picador planting at the same time his pike into the flank of the bull. This happened only a few yards from where I was sitting, the sight was horrible with the poor horse's entrails hanging out, and I was nearly sick. The picador was naturally unhorsed but was promptly rescued by the men on foot diverting the bull's attention by waving cloaks at him, then escaping by jumping into the corridor separating the ring from the spectators.

Then the procedure, as regarding the goring of the horses, started again until five of six horses were done to death for each bull killed. It was explained to me that it was necessary to resort to what I considered terrible cruelty to tire the bull so that it would be forced to bend its head to receive eventually the *coup de grâce* from the matador's *espada*. Following this holocaust the *Banderilleros* entered the arena to torment the animal further, by planting, with great dexterity and pluck

barbed javelins, decorated with gaily-coloured paper, into the bull's back. They egged him on by waving the banderillos in front of him, stepping aside with great agility, when the animal was right on top of them and placing the barbs neatly in his body.

During the course of this sport, other deeds of great daring were performed such as jumping on the bull's back and riding him for a few seconds, whilst he bucked wildly. Sometimes they awaited his charge and jumped between his horns over his back. Should any torero be placed in a position of danger there were always many of his comrades to avert it promptly by drawing the attention of the bull in another direction.

At that period there was a famous stunt artist called Don Tancredo who dressed himself entirely in white, with his face similarly disguised, and mounted a low pedestal within easy reach of the bull's charge, pretending to be a marble statue and calmly awaiting the onslaught of the infuriated beast without moving a muscle or turning a hair. He did not appear on this occasion but I know that he continued his hazardous performance for many years until, at last, he fell a victim to his intrepedity. I should, perhaps, have added that he was, not only entirely unarmed, but totally unprotected by any of his fellow bull-fighters.

By this time, the bull had been prepared for its final combat by being thoroughly exhausted by every possible means and the *matador* or *espada* entered the ring. After a few preliminary passes by his assistants he was left to face the animal alone, armed only with a scarlet cape and sword. With complete calm and without any precipitation, he gradually manoeuvred the bull into a position to deliver the final thrust and then drove his espada up to the hilt between the shoulder-blades, a space no larger than a five-shilling piece. The bull immediately sank to the ground as if struck by a thunderbolt, amidst the roars of applause of the vast multitude. Hats were thrown into the ring together with oranges and cigars by the men, whilst the women flung ornaments and jewels to the hero of the fight.

Matadors at that time were the popular darlings of the crowd and their fans were far more enthusiastic than the present day generation of football crowds in England or the supporters of baseball in the United States. But if the matador bungled his

job, the howls of execration equalled the cheers for the artist who had dispatched his bull in accordance with the niceties of his profession. Should a matador plant his sword into his victim and fail to bring him immediately to his knees, leaving it in the beast's back, he was compelled by the custom of the ring to wrench it out again, at considerable danger to himself and then try once more to deliver the fatal thrust. I actually saw this happen, the unfortunate fighter being one of Spain's most renowned matadors, Lagartijo. The only accident I saw happened to a man who was not quite quick enough in leaping over the barrier and was pinned to it by his side. He was, however, quickly rescued and I learned later that he had only received a superficial wound.

So far I have only described my impressions of the first fight of which there were six. I am afraid that I did not watch the remainder so closely as after the first bull had been dispatched I was taken outside the bull-ring and given a large glass of the *aguardiente*, which has been described above, to revive my shattered nerves and morale.

I was then told I had better join the ladies in their lofty seclusion, from where I would be able to witness the rest of the spectacle with less horror than from the ring seat I had hitherto occupied. With infinite natural Spanish courtesy I was given to understand that I was not sufficiently of a man to appreciate at close quarters all the delicate points of the master bull-fighter's ringcraft. So I joined the ladies behind whose fans, manipulated with the grace that only Spanish ladies possess, I hid my gaze when the most revolting incidents occurred. I noticed that some of my fair companions were also inclined to turn away their eyes when I did, although I suppose they would not have admitted the fact to a foreigner.

After the death of each bull the ring was swept clean, the carcases of the poor horses and bull being dragged out by gaily caparisoned mules, and the hats of the men spectators were returned to them.

When the whole *corrida* was over, we again adjourned to the fonda where we had a light collation and it was then that I was done the great honour of being introduced to the famous matador, Bombita Chico, who was Spain's most famous bull-fighter. So ended my first day in Spain in a manner I had

not anticipated when crossing the frontier in the early morning.

We took train and arrived at Burgos very early in the morning and retired to bed immediately. The bachelor members of the party were accommodated in a separate building which enabled us to go in and out as we pleased and to retire to bed at whatever time we liked, which was, I am afraid, sometimes very late indeed.

The following morning I woke very late and was brought my breakfast consisting of bread and *manteja* and the thickest chocolate I have ever seen. It was highly flavoured with cinnamon and was almost unsweetened, but when I put some lumps of sugar into, or rather on to it, it failed to sink to the bottom of the cup for some time. I then tried the *manteja* or butter but found it quite uneatable, being composed, I believe, of rancid goat's milk. I never ate any more butter during the whole of my stay !

The mid-day meal was taken with the family and was generally composed of the apparently universal dish of boiled beef, garbanzos and pimentoes, followed by some sort of sweet or cheese. On occasions we were given two other kinds of national dishes called *Olla Podrida*, literally *all rotten*, and *Ropa Vieja* or *dirty linen*. These dishes resembled each other and would I think be called in our own country resurrection pie. On very special days we were treated to excellent trout, running up to three or four pounds, which we netted in the adjacent river. Had I but known I would have brought a rod with me !

We were sometimes regaled with langouste, but this delicious crustacean was rather spoiled by the mayonnaise made with very strong oil, much beloved by Spaniards, which tasted to me somewhat rancid, although I believe it was only less refined than that produced in France or Italy. We sometimes ate our own catch of écrevisses or crayfish which were particularly delicious. The method of catching them was simple, consisting in lowering into the river a small, circular, flat net on which small pieces of offal were tied, the net being weighted with a stone. You waited patiently for about twenty minutes and then pulled up to see if anything had happened and if you were lucky you would find one or two crayfish attached to the net. We got as many as forty or fifty between us in the course of an afternoon. They made a pleasant variation from the ordinary menu.

On other nights we stayed at home and danced to the tune of a rather scratchy piano accompanied by the national instrument, the guitar. I learned to dance the *rigodo* and the *paso doble* or two-step, thanks to the admirable tuition of the ladies of the family who moved with all the inherent grace and stateliness of their race. At other times we young men left the ladies and went to the Casino where a game called *Monte* was played, the intricacies of which I never fathomed, but my friends would spend hours risking what appeared to me to be large sums of money with little return for their investment. This entertainment led us far into the night and we often came home with the milk and only got up with the lunch-bell.

On some days we woke up with the dawn, having on these occasions wisely gone to bed early, to shoot the numerous quail far out in the countryside. We packed into an old-fashioned carriage and trotted about twenty miles out of Burgos before we reached the village which we were to make our headquarters for the shoot. On the way, Santi, who was rather peevish at having to rise at such an early hour, saw an old man at his window in one of the small villages we passed and cursed him loudly for being such a fool as to get up at six in the morning; for those readers who understand Spanish this is what he said :— 'Por que te has levantado a las siete, viejo, vete alla tumba.'

Having had a slight breakfast at the farm we set out on the arid plains in pursuit of the small but delicious quarry. A few old peasants accompanied us to carry our impedimenta and to show us where to look for the little birds.

The fields consisted mostly of wheat and the harvest was being threshed in the primitive manner of the generations of hundreds of years before. The grain was collected in a heap and an enormous circular board studded with flints was placed on top. To this rude contrivance an ox, a donkey or a mule was yoked and driven round until the corn had been extracted from the ear. When this laborious process was finished the peasants waited until a high wind arose, to enable them to toss the grain and chaff into the air, where the grain, being heavier, fell immediately to the ground whilst the chaff was carried away by the wind. Needless to say this method of gathering the harvest was extremely wasteful!

The plains were interspersed with shallow irrigation canals

or ditches and it was here that the quail took shelter from the scorching sun. One gun walked each side of the ditch whilst an old man, accompanied by a nondescript dog, beat it out. We were soon rewarded and I should say that we must have picked up about 75 to 100 brace of these tiny birds in the course of the day. My sporting Spanish was at that time limited to 'Hay codornices aqui ?,' meaning, are there any quail here ? We knocked off at mid-day to take refuge from the rays of the sun in a farmhouse where we found a meal spread on a circular table surrounded by a petticoat, which in winter concealed a brasero of charcoal, the petticoat being used to place over the knees to retain the heat. It seems almost superfluous to add that upon this occasion we dispensed with the brasero !

After the fierceness of the sun had abated we sallied forth again to slaughter more of the little birds but this time we were lucky enough to come across a covey of red-legged partridges, known in certain parts of England as *Frenchmen*, and managed to down a couple of brace. We returned to Burgos late in the evening quite exhausted but very pleased with our day's work.

About a week after my arrival the visit of the young king Alfonso was announced. He attained his majority at the age of sixteen and was making a tour of his provinces and made a stay of about three days at Burgos, the capital of Old Castile.

Owing to the fact that my host, the Conde de Liniers y Magiro, was civil governor of Madrid, I was lucky enough to witness, at close quarters, some of the festivities held in his honour, such as the review of the local garrison and a memorable visit to the Convent of *Las Huelgas*. The review took place on a large and dusty plain just outside the town and after the troops, composed of infantry, cavalry and mule-harnessed artillery, had marched or galloped past the saluting point, the young monarch decided to gallop at top speed along the line of soldiers, followed by a staff headed by a poor fat general who had evidently never been at such a pace before. The wretched man positively clung to the mane of his steed ; he must have been really thankful when the ordeal was over.

The next day, by very special favour, thanks to the official position of the Conde de Liniers, we were privileged to accompany the king on his official visit to the Convent, founded in 1187, where Alfonso and his wife Eleanor, daughter of Henry

the Second of England, lie buried. This community must be one of the most exclusive in the world as I was informed that no lady was admitted as a novice unless she could prove at least sixteen quarterings of nobility. No mere man was ever permitted to enter the cloistered part of the precincts, with the exception of His Catholic Majesty in person. Alfonso, with all the exuberance of youth, thought it would be great fun to exercise his Royal prerogative and so determined to visit the Convent in state. The de Liniers family and I formed a considerable part of the suite. On arrival at the portals we were met by the Abbess all in a flutter, who curtsied low to the young monarch and the throng, following in his train, who entered the forbidden threshold.

We young men were rather disappointed with the place as it had no particular artistic merit and whilst we had hoped to see some young and beautiful nuns we saw only dear and bashful old ladies who were so over-awed by the royal presence that they could not find the key to the main door of the Convent when the king wished to take his departure. He was not in the least perturbed by this slight incident and declared his intention of jumping over the wall. Some of the young ladies expostulated that they could not follow suit, but Alfonso exclaimed that he would sit on the wall and haul them up. The key was, however, eventually found and so the exit from the Convent took place in a more dignified manner than that contemplated by His Majesty.

I was privileged to be presented to the king and like all those who met him on this occasion, was entirely conquered by his natural charm and royal bearing. He was full of quiet fun without, for a moment, losing his great dignity. Although so young he gave the impression of having already reached manhood as becomes a man who is born a king. He was elegant and affable, in fact the perfect kind of Spanish Caballero. He was destined to live through many tragic moments and his premature death this year has brought back to my memory my visit to his beautiful country where I had spent a most delightful month amid the most charming of hosts.

I left Burgos with Santi for the seaside of San Sebastian about the end of August with the greatest regret. Arriving late at Bilbao at night, I vainly tried to seek a bed at one of the best hotels which were all full, as the king was expected to arrive

the next day; I had to content myself with accommodation of the worst kind at a miserable inn. The German boat was due to sail from Bilbao's outer harbour, Portugalete, so I took a tram to that port where I found an excellent hotel owned by a Frenchman and was given the best meal since my arrival in Spain.

The next day I embarked on the steamer where I was greeted with effusion by the captain with whom I arranged to be taken to Rotterdam. We sailed that evening and called the next day at *Passages*, the miniature port of San Sebastian, to take on a small cargo of *Rioja* wine, the Spanish claret used, so I was informed, to strengthen Bordeaux wine when the vintage was not up to its usual body.

We set out to sea the next morning on one of the 900-ton boats of the *Neptun* line at a maximum speed of ten knots. We had hardly sailed for a few hours in the Bay of Biscay before we struck one of the gales for which this part of the Atlantic is famous. I was hard pressed when I was served, while the gale was at its height, with a soup made of milk and prunes. We arrived at Rotterdam about the fourth day after our departure from *Passages* and tied up on the Maaskade opposite the offices of the agent of the line. I left the same day for Maestricht after having taken a tender farewell of the good bearded captain who insisted on kissing me on both cheeks. I am afraid the parting from a German at the present time would not be quite so cordial!

"JAZZ-TUNE EFFECTS"

Strange though it be, the turning of three
Little nobs on a radiogram
Produces a tune or someone to croon
For whom I do not care a damn!

Weary at night; I gaze at its light
Electrically magnetized;
Listening in awe for someone to pour
Out a song of the 'thirties-disguised.

It comes ! It comes !
To the rumbling of drums.

Faces flicker,
Shadows glimmer,
Figures half-veiled, yet nude
Appear ; something pregnant lies within their
Shapes so queer
For fear they may become completely bare
And so portray they know not what ?—
Their passion's fight with flesh renewed.

As by the union
Of some inner-communion
Inside—thoughts behind half-doped eyes
Decide to synchronize and harmonize
To the blurred refrains
Of the saxophone
Playing all alone
Through the inner brain's
Microphone.

Iniquities of the past
First slowly, then fast
Continually glide along
To the words
Of the everlasting song
Three thirds
Of which penetrates the mind
—But only there to find
An empty cheque
Of Time returned, unused
Accused of having burned
Through the lower deck
Of literature and art
To wallow in a sensuous heart.

Petticoats of crêpe de chine, toques in satin crinoline,
Pink rosettes, winning bets, cheap cigarettes, and swing sextets,
Skirts at Le Touquet in ' the cafés open all day '

—This the all of past forgotten life
That Jazz brings back with all its endless strife ;
This, the core of past experiences, that matter not
But now into my soul and future lot
Inject themselves for half-an hour
Until my strength, sapped by this latent power
Begins to ebb
And leaves me caught within a jazz-tune's web.

. . . . . .

This is what I call escape
In order to avoid worse rape.

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I am desired by the Duke of Gloucester to thank you and your co-editors for the copy of the January number of *The Wind and the Rain*, which he was much interested to receive.

. . . You are at liberty, should you desire, to state in the next issue that the Duke of Gloucester, in acknowledging the receipt of *The Wind and the Rain*, has expressed his pleasure to learn that his Red Cross and St. John Fund is to benefit by its publication, and that His Royal Highness has sent his good wishes for the success of this periodical.

Your etc.,

GODFREY THOMAS

York House, St. James's Palace.

Dear Sir,

. . . You may have read Ernest Hemingway's last novel, *For whom the Bell Tolls*. I think it is the best that he has done and probably the most distinguished work of fiction in the last ten years. You ought to get someone to review it for the next number of your magazine. Perhaps your contributor Robin Atthill would like to do it, I enjoyed his article though I don't agree with all of it. I think he over-emphasizes the reasons for the trends of post-1914 poetry.

Yours sincerely,

ALAN F. TITLEY

Earl's Court Square, S.W. 5.

[This letter, the writer of which is a personal friend of one of the editors, refers to the article *Modern Poetry and the Common Reader*, which we printed in our first issue. We have asked Robin Atthill to write us a review of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. This will be found on page 120].

Dear Sir,

With the recent publication of T. S. Eliot's *Burnt Norton* and *East Coker* and their success it has brought to my mind the question—why should not a similar edition of Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven* be produced? I am told by statistics that when in 1907 such an endeavour was carried out, over ten thousand copies of the poem alone were sold; furthermore I find from the Literary Index that such a separate publication has been carried out in the past years. Surely this, if there ever was a time, is the occasion for a reprint.

It has long since been disproved that great religious poetry, of necessity, must be in the praise of nature—the link between the poet and God may be shorter. It is the *Hound of Heaven* that provides this link. How many a man has not fled God *down the Arches of the years* or *down the labyrinthine ways* of his own mind? Who amidst the débris of bombed areas does not remember *All things betray thee, who betrayest me*, or realise as his house lies in a heap of rubble, *Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me*, or recalls at night during the raid, *Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter me?* The moral to be drawn is obvious.

It would not come amiss in our England of to-day were such a poem to find its way to the business man as he went strap-hanging to work. It would remind him of the vital necessity of Christianity and the part that it must play in the reconstruction of Europe after the war. After all, as Shelley declared, *the poets are legislators of the modern world.*

Yours etc.,

ELLIVEN EKOORB YARB

Cadogan Court, Sloane Square.

Dear Sir,

I would be very interested if you would review Eliot's *East Coker* from a Christian point of view. I have read many interpretations, but would like now to read a Christian criticism.

Yours etc.,

GWEN SAMPSON

11 *Gordon Place*, W. 8.

EAST COKER

(T. S. ELIOT)

An appreciation by MICHAEL ALLMAND

THIS is a strange poem, but in my mind not as strange as some would make out. In *East Coker* Eliot has given us a theme which he has played on before; it is no new one, for other poets before him have tried to develop it, but they have failed. Wordsworth, for instance, in his *Prelude* would have sung of much the same ideas as does Eliot here; yet so many people (in my opinion) consider the *Prelude* as an entertaining, if a slightly sentimental show of verse, the main theme of which it is difficult to trace, but which abounds plentifully with mountains and flowers and skating. Eliot admits that he is dealing with a subject which is not altogether fresh.

> You say I am repeating
> Something I have said before I shall say it again.

but the ideas expressed in the poem are of such importance that they bear repeating; the difficulty with which the poet is faced is how to express these thoughts of his without being too clever. If he writes refined and first-class poetry he may make the mistake of confusing the issue. People may read the poem for the poetry rather than for the thoughts expressed therein. And so, on the whole, the poem—as far as technique and beautiful expression go—is not his best. Such lines as :—

> Distinguished civil servants, chairmen of many committees,
> Industrial lords and petty contractors, all go into the dark
> And dark the Sun and Moon, and the Almanach de Gotha
> And the Stock Exchange Gazette, the Directory of Directors, . .

such lines, although they are full of poignant meaning, when compared with the sublime expression of some of the remainder of the poem, seem a little facetious, if clever, and must be accepted as one of Eliot's personal prejudices.

There are exceptions to this, of course ; the lines :—

I said to my soul, be still, and let the dark come upon you
Which shall be the darkness of God. As in a theatre
The lights are extinguished, for the scene to be changed
With a hollow rumble of wings, with a movement of darkness
on darkness,
And we know that the hills and the trees, the distant panorama
And the bold imposing façade are all being rolled away—
Or as, when an underground train, in the tube, stops
Too long between stations
And the conversation rises and slowly fades into silence
And you see behind every face the mental emptiness deepen
Leaving only the growing terror of nothing to think about ;

are sublime in the extreme. But these are good because what they express is easy enough to grasp. It is when the powers of expression fail him that Eliot has recourse to the fantastic lines of the remainder of his work. It would be too much to ask of any poet save a genius to combine sublime rendering with a capacity for putting across to his reader the vast issues with which the poem deals. Eliot, great though he is, is not a genius. One has the impression—and this point is concrete enough—that the poet is constantly saying : ' I've got to use words when I talk to you,' as Sweeney complained in Eliot's previous poem *Sweeney Agonistes*.

Eliot strives to make his meaning clear and *East Coker* is just another attempt at this. If only the bare meanings of that which he wishes to convey to us could emerge without speech ! How difficult it is for a man, with only plain, modern English at his command, to express those experiences which he (and Sweeney) have undergone in their crossing towards God. On this journey, he insists,

Old men ought to be explorers.
Here or there does not matter
We must be still and still moving.

' The poetry does not matter,' Eliot drives into us ; and, as if reflecting upon the first sixty-six lines he has written, he almost throws in his hand there and then. He makes apologies and begs us to understand him. Half regretfully, he adds :—

That was a way of putting it—not very satisfactory ;
A periphrastic study in a worn-out poetical fashion,

Leaving one still with the intolerable wrestle
With words and meanings.

The poetry does not matter,' he dins into us. 'You must be able to see what I am driving at.' Yes, of course. . . .

'In my beginning is my end.' This is the most important line and Eliot puts it first. If this is so, then *here* and *now* cease to matter, almost to exist. This is what must be grasped. Love, which literally makes the world go round ; (for why does God keep this world in being if it is not for Love ?) Love, the reason why this world was made at all,

Love is most nearly itself
When here and now cease to matter.

Human life is merely a distraction. Possibly towards the Town, as suggested in the first stanza—a house built, loved and destroyed—or towards the Country, so hopeless,

Feet rising and falling
Eating and drinking. Dung and death.

or, more probably, towards Nature as she imperturbably runs her course. There is something latent about Life, a secret striving which poetry, how hopelessly says Eliot, strives to overcome. We are seeking God, that is the important point. At present we are in a dark wood, at the bottom of the abyss, in an unmapped land. Because we are so impotent—even poetry, the sublimest part of thought, has failed us—humility is the only solution. We die and we worsen ; yet

Our only health is the disease
If we obey the dying nurse
Whose constant care is not to please
But to remind our, and Adam's curse,
And that, to be restored, our sickness must grow worse.

The only hope we have :—

Is the wisdom of humility ;

for,

. . . humility is endless.

This section of the poem, which contains the real core of Eliot's ideas, is perhaps the best. The rhymes and the meter

are regular : the thoughts more clearly expressed. Perhaps, after all, the situation, despite

> A periphrastic study in a worn-out poetical fashion

is not so desperate after all. For it all leads to this :—

> The dripping blood our only drink,
> The bloody flesh our only food.

Surely this is what Jesus meant when he said : THIS IS MY BODY ; THIS IS MY BLOOD ? What we must realize is that

> Here or there does not matter
> We must be still and still moving
> Into another intensity
> For a further union, a deeper communion.

This world is not the place for which we were made. Beyond it is something indescribable, infinite.

We are as :—

> . . . Under ether, the mind is conscious but
> conscious of nothing . . .

And so we tell our soul ' be still humility will see us through, until Death. For

> . . . In my end is my beginning.

'TEMPUS FUGIT'

A COMMENT ON MODERN CRITICISM

GONE seem the days of true criticism and it would appear that the modern critics, for the most part, seem to live in a dilemma for fear that they may condemn a man because he is a bad writer. Particularly is this evident in modern poetry. It appears to have become customary to praise verse on the single qualities that it has neither shape, sense nor form. Such is unfair (if it is not to be the death), to the true modern poets as Auden and Spender, Eliot and Campbell, Day Lewis and Reade, not to mention many others. It is not the poet's contemporaries who are his final judges, it is their successors. With this in mind it is pleasant to recall some of the criticism given to Pope by his own age in the person of John Dimnis: 'the little gentleman, with a most unparalleled assurance, has undertaken to translate Homer from Greek, of which he does not know one word, into English which he understands almost as little'; or Lady Montague's remark: 'Some called Pope little nightingale—all sound and no sense,' but Pope was a master of his pen and so he survived the test of time.

To-day if we were to be given criticism that was both honest and true it would be only the bad writer who would suffer; the lapse of a century would vindicate the true artist. Finally it should be remembered that it is the writer's task to write for all ages and not for the particular whims of his century.

CARLTON-ON-TRENT

THERE is to be found in a little village in Nottinghamshire the following inscription, above the blacksmith:—

Gentlemen as you pass by
Upon this shoe pray cast an eye
If it be too straight, I'll make it wider
I'll ease the horse and please the rider;
If lame from shoeing as they often are
You may have them eased with the greatest care.

Such was the message that met the stage coach of the 'sixties as it rattled by. Such still is the message that meets the limousine of to-day as it passes through.

DICKENSIAN GEMS

It is considered fashionable for society of the 'chromium plate' age to leave their red leather editions of Dickens with their gilt edges behind the glass shutters of their inlaid Sheraton bookcases. He is considered taboo since he cannot compete with the average fast novelist of to-day. He is said not to have sufficiently slick a wit to suit the present era. Choosing such gems as . . .

'There was never such an old-fashioned child in her looks and manner. She must have been at work from her cradle.'—*The Old Curiosity Shop*.

'I see you, father,' she said, clasping her hands, 'as plainly as if I had the eyes I never want when you are with me.'—*Cricket on the Hearth*.

'Name—Rogue Riderhood. Dwelling Place—Lim'us Hole. Calling or Occupation—Waterside Character.'—*Our Mutual Friend*.

. . . seem to justify and to set an example of true English humour which would not come amiss were some of our own modern novelists to endeavour to reproduce it in their present works.

NEW VALUES IN MONEY

With the fact that chocolate and cigarettes seem almost unobtainable in the North of England, for either love or money, it seems to emphasize a most vital point in the over-importance given to finance. The modern attitude to life consists in amassing wealth with the result that money is thought to compensate for both pleasure and happiness. However, now that for the Northern Counties money can no longer represent the minor joys of life (chocolate and cigarettes) it seems to show that money is not synonymous with joy and that in reality true happiness is only synonymous with a Christian aim—Paradise.

HAMLET AND KING LEAR

To make sport of so great a figure in English letters as Shakespeare may be to some a crime. But there seem to be two little anecdotes that well deserve repetition.

Hamlet was the play that had been chosen by a repertory company for their summer season. It was on the first night that when Ophelia's coffin was being taken to the graveyard, when the line came 'Let the coffin pass,' the actor, whose cue it was, took it up with 'Let the parson cough.'

The other anecdote is a little epigram which is to be found in the *Lays of Learning* by Guy Boas :—

> I dreamt last night that Shakespeare's ghost
> Sat for a Civil Service post.
> The English paper of the year
> Contained a question on *King Lear*.
> Which Shakespeare answered very badly
> Because he hadn't read his Bradley.

N.B.

THE STRANGE HISTORY OF JAMES STUART DE LA CLOCHE

An Historical Mystery

DAVID PILGRIM

I WILL tell you the story first for what it is worth as a romantic chapter in the history of England under the Stuarts. Do not for the moment inquire whether you should believe it or not. Lord Acton, father of the scientific method of writing history, believed it. So for many years did Andrew Lang. I may therefore quite reasonably ask you to follow it with respect, warning you, however, that, when it is finished, there will be further surprises in store.

* * * *

On the 17th April, 1646, the *Proud Black Eagle*, a frigate commanded by Captain Baldwin Wake, dropped anchor off Elizabeth Castle, opposite the town of St. Helier in Jersey. She had on board His Royal Highness Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Charles II, at this moment flying from Cromwell and the parliament men who, as a result of their victories at Marston Moor and Naseby, were masters of England.

The Prince was accompanied among others, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Edward Hyde, the Earls of Berkshire and Brandford, the Lords Capel, Wentworth and Hopton, Sir John Granville, Gentleman of the bedchamber, Mr Smith, His Highness' cup-bearer, Mr Palmer, His Highness' carver, Mr Lightfoot, Master of the Robes, Mr Osbaston and Mr Chiffinch, pages of the back stairs.

The news of his arrival spread rapidly throughout the island and bonfires were lighted on every cliff. The people of Jersey were living more or less contentedly under the administration of Captain George de Carteret, a member of the oldest family in the island, who ruled as Governor in the royal interest.

These de Carterets owned the two chief manors of the island, St. Ouen and La Trinité. Joshua de Carteret, Lord of the Manor of La Trinité, had a daughter, Margaret. She was a

woman no longer in her first youth and seems to have been of a warm and easy disposition. Charles was in his seventeenth year, a striking figure in himself and not less striking as a prince in misfortune. It was not unnatural that Margaret should be attracted by the royal fugitive and not less natural that Charles should have yielded for the first, but by no means for the last, time in his life to a woman of experience. The relations between the young prince and the older woman quickly ripened into intimacy. This, in effect, was the first of the long series of love affairs in the course of which the future King of England was to become by slow degrees an older and wiser man.

All too soon, however, Charles had to leave this island of pretty hillocks and pleasant valleys. Margaret must face the future alone, and, in the cynical fashion of the time, the Carterets at once looked about for a husband. The choice fell upon John de la Cloche, son of the Rev. Etienne de la Cloche, Rector of St. Ouen. It was not in the least incompatible with seventeenth century manners that this very respectable parson should be ready to marry the daughter of the local squire, even though it might be necessary at the same time to accept responsibility for the natural son of a prince. Shortly afterwards a boy was born. The exact date has never been ascertained. Whether by accident or intention all reference to the event is omitted from the parish register. Presumably the child was accepted by all concerned as the rector's grandchild and everyone imagined that the incident was closed.

This, however, was the beginning and not the end of the strange story of James Stuart de la Cloche. Some twenty years later a young man, calling himself by that name, came to the Jesuit College of St. Andrea del Quirinale in Rome asking to be admitted as a member of the Society. In support of his application he produced three letters, two of them signed by King Charles II and one of them by Christina, the Queen of Sweden, then in the heyday of her fantastic career on the continent of Europe and a recent convert to the Catholic faith.

The first letter from Charles stated that he was the father of James. It further certified that James had lived in France and other countries till 1665, since when he had been living in London under the name of de la Cloche du Bourg de Jersey. La Cloche, it was explained, had for important reasons of state

been forbidden to mention his birth until after the death of the King. This letter is dated Whitehall, 27th September, 1665.

Charles in his second letter, expresses fears for the safety of his natural son after his death. He asks his successor to take care of him, allow him on certain conditions to live in England and pay him the sum of £500 per year. This second letter is dated, 7th February, 1667.

The third letter, from the ex-Queen Christina, states that she knows the real identity of James de la Cloche, that he was brought up a Calvinist but was now a member of the Church of Rome. This letter is dated the 29th July, 1667.

The head of the Jesuit College at that period was Father Juan Paolo Oliva. He had no hesitation in accepting this promising young novice and on the 11th April, 1668, there appeared in the register of the College an entry signed 'Jacques de la Cloche by his own hand.'

The date is important. It explains, among other things, why Father Oliva so readily welcomed a young man bearing testimonials which declared him to be a son of the King of England.

It was known at the Papal Court that Charles II was leaning strongly towards Catholicism and was only awaiting an opportunity to bring England back to Rome. Throughout the year Charles had been negotiating with the Papal Court and with the French King Louis XIV, and two years later these negotiations resulted in the famous secret Treaty of Dover, signed on the 22nd May, 1670. One of the main clauses of the Treaty, first published by Lingard about a hundred years ago, was that Charles was to receive from Louis two millions livres (about £150,000) to enable him, whenever he thought fit, to declare himself a Catholic.

All through the year 1668 the negotiations had been largely concerned with the terms on which the Holy See would consent to receive the Church of England back into the fold. They were carried on in the utmost secrecy. Only two persons of note knew anything about them. One was King Charles' sister, the beautiful Minnette, Duchess of Orleans, married to the brother of Louis XIV. The other was Clifford, subsequently Lord Treasurer. The secret, however, must have been known in Rome and almost certainly to the head of the Jesuit College.

Here, then, just at the moment when the Holy See wanted someone to act as an agent or go-between in its negotiations with the King of England, appeared this personable young man, certified to be the King's son, bearing letters signed by the King's hand, and asking to be received into the Jesuit community. To Father Oliva his arrival must have seemed like an act of Providence.

Providence, moreover, continued the good work. Soon after James de la Cloche had been admitted to the College he handed to Father Oliva two further letters from his royal father. In the first of them King Charles expressed great joy at his son's conversion to the Catholic faith, more especially as he would now be able to avail himself of his son's services in order to accomplish his own. The second letter was even more impressive. It was addressed to 'our highly honoured son, the Prince Stuart.' It stated that Charles wished to acknowledge James publicly, but that he could not do so immediately because he was afraid of Parliament. The King inquired whether his son wished to take a title and ended by suggesting that, in the event of England's returning to the Catholic faith, de la Cloche might have hopes of one day being crowned King of England, since Charles had no legitimate offspring.

Father Oliva had good reasons for believing what was written in these letters. In the first place he wanted to believe it, which is the ultimate reason for believing anything at all. In the second place the suggestions put forward in the letters were not impossible. Monmouth, the Protestant son of Charles by Lucy Walters, nearly became King of England. There was no reason why, if the return of England to Rome could be achieved, James Stuart, his Catholic son by Margaret de Cartaret, should be excluded. To make James legitimate was by no means impossible; throughout his reign, Charles was constantly being urged to make Monmouth his heir and he finally induced the English Parliament to acknowledge all his other illegitimate children, an example followed a few years later by Louis XIV, whose Court was fast becoming a model to the royal houses of Europe.

James in any case, to be used at once as agent or go-between for the conversion of his royal father; for King Charles, in his second letter, dated August 29th, 1668, asked that he

should be provided with money—the king as usual having none—and sent to London. He was to take the name of Henri de Rohan in order to avoid all suspicion, the de Rohans being one of the most prominent Huguenot families in France.

Oliva hastened to comply with these requests. James was sent off, accompanied by a Jesuit father. He left the Jesuit behind him in France, visited London and returned to Rome later in the year, with a further letter from King Charles, dated November 18th, 1668. It announced, among other things, that the King had appointed James to be his father's secret ambassador to the Papal Court. Charles, moreover, promised a considerable sum of money to the Jesuit College of St. Andrea, provided Father Oliva would be obliging enough to supply his son, for the moment, with the necessary means of subsistence, the King's finances being still in disorder. Charles noted incidentally that Oliva had already advanced eight hundred doubloons to de la Cloche, which he promised to repay. Oliva, once again, recognised the hand of Providence. He provided the money as requested and sent the young man about his business.

Here let us pause for a moment. The romance is finished. James de la Cloche, agent of the Jesuit fathers, secret messenger between the Kings of France and England, using his royal name to obtain admission to a religious community, entertaining hopes of one day becoming King of a Catholic England, has delivered his last letter. I have, as I promised, told you the story for what it is worth and as it was accepted by serious historians up to about thirty years ago

Now comes the first of the surprises which I warned you were in store. Not one of the letters whereby James de la Cloche successfully presented himself to the Jesuit fathers and to history was a genuine document. On the contrary, they were ingenious and impudent forgeries. The evidence turns upon such slight inconsistencies and mistakes as delight the historical analyst. None of them amounts to much in itself, but the man who wrote the letters obviously did not know as much as he should have done of the movements or family habits of King Charles. The very first of them, for example, is dated from Whitehall, September 27th, 1665. Charles was not at Whitehall on that date, but at Oxford. There are other errors and

discrepancies, and taken together they are conclusive. Suffice it that Andrew Lang who accepted the letters as genuine for the greater part of his life, wrote a formal recantation of his beliefs not long before he died.

To dispose thus of the letters, however, by no means disposes of the mystery. We left the bearer of these royal credentials at Rome. Whatever he may have been—a great impersonator or, in fact, a son of King Charles, driven to forgery in order to establish his claim or to forward his pious purpose—he never appears again as we have learned to know him.

Simultaneously, however, with his disappearance in Rome, there appeared at Naples a very different kind of person bearing the same name and eventually presenting the same claim to be the first natural son of King Charles. Here the mystery thickens to such an extent that no careful historian has as yet ventured to suggest a solution. First as to the facts:

The new James Stuart de la Cloche has no interest in the negotiations between Rome, Paris and Whitehall. He bears no letters, forged or otherwise, from King Charles. He enters history not by way of the secret archives of the Society of Jesus, but through the criminal records of the Neapolitan police. His history begins in fact on a day early in 1669 when he took lodging in an inn kept by one Francesco. Francesco had a beautiful daughter, Teresa Corona. James fell in love with her and married her on the 19th February, 1669. He showed himself, during the next few months, to be well provided with money, which he and his father-in-law spent in drunkenness and riotous living, with the result that James was presently arrested by order of the viceroy, Naples being at that time under the rule of the Spanish Bourbons.

James, having come to this pass, publicly maintained, to the confusion and dismay of the authorities, that he was a natural son of the King of England. He was shut up in the fortress of St. Elmo, but was subsequently transferred to the castle of Gaeta, and 50 écus a month were allowed for his maintenance. There he appealed to the British Consul, a Mr Brown, to procure his release.

In the meantime, the viceroy, to check his story, had written to London about him. On the 10th June, 1669, the answer from London was received. The claim was denied and the

viceroy had his prisoner immediately transferred from the comfortable castle of Gaeta and thrown into the common jail. He was also sentenced to be flogged through the streets of the town and, at the same time, his wife and parents-in-law were arrested. At this point, however, the vice-reine, wife of Don Pedro, the viceroy, interceded for him with the result that he was not only let off his whipping but also released.

He returned in triumph to the inn-keeper's daughter and her father, but his triumph did not last long. On the 17th September, 1669, Kent, the English agent in Rome, informed the English Government that he was dead. Kent writes :— 'That certain person at Naples who in his life time would needs be His Majesty's natural son is dead in the same confidence and princely humour ! for, having left his lady, Teresa Corona, an ordinary person, seven months' gone with child, he made his testament and hath left his most Christian Majesty, whom he called cousin, executor of it.'

It was a remarkable testament. Besides leaving his wife and child magnificent legacies, he asked King Charles to confer upon his son, as yet unborn, the ordinary principality either of Wales or Monmouth or other province customary to be given to the natural sons of the Crown. This was not the sort of nonsense which James de la Cloche, bearer of the King's letters, would have written. The testator, moreover, has abandoned his Jersey connection, claiming for his mother, a certain Dona Maria Stuart, as yet unidentified.

'This,' Kent concludes, 'was the end of that princely cheat or whatever he was.'

Here, then, is one mystery after another. Was the first James de la Cloche a complete impostor, or was he indeed a son of the King ? Was the first James de la Cloche, accepted by Father Oliva as King Charles' son and plenipotentiary, one and the same person as the James de la Cloche who went to Naples and married his innkeeper's daughter when he should have gone to London to bring back his royal father to the Catholic faith ? That the letters now in the Jesuit archives were forgeries does not necessarily mean that de la Cloche, son of Charles and Margaret de Carteret, did not exist.

The mind of Charles II has always fascinated historians, from Macaulay to whom he was a decadent monster, to Arthur

Bryant, to whom he was a misunderstood patriot. If Charles had had such a son as James de la Cloche, it is by no means improbable that the young man was used in the intricate and secret negotiations with the French and Papal Courts in 1667 and 1668. It is not improbable—secret diplomacy being what it was—that James was intentionally provided with forged, rather than genuine, letters, so that, if they should fall into wrong hands, they might be subsequently repudiated by Charles.

If, however, we admit that the first pretender was genuine, was the second ' princely cheat or whatever he was ' the same or a different person ? Why should a young man, obviously of a pious habit, eager to embrace the religion of his fathers, anxious to join the Jesuits who might justly be described as the élite of the Catholic Church, suddenly, for no apparent reason, go off to Naples, embark upon a career of debauchery, marry his innkeeper's daughter and perish miserably as the result of his habit of living ?

I have no solution susceptible of proof, but as an amateur of historical romance, I should like to put forward the following suggestion for what it is worth. I believe that there was a James de la Cloche, son of the King of England, and that his mother was a Jersey woman, whether Margaret de Carteret or some other is immaterial. Charles, when he came to the throne, did not at first give him a thought. It was only when he became convinced that his Queen could not give him children to carry on the legitimate line that he began to take a vital interest in his two illegitimate sons, James Crofts, Duke of Monmouth and James de la Cloche, suppositious son of a Huguenot pastor. Monmouth represented Protestant England and all those forces in the country which, headed by Ashley, were striving by every means in their power to turn Charles away from Catholic Louis and catholicism in general, and even to cause Parliament to legitimise Monmouth so as to exclude Catholic James from the throne.

James de la Cloche stood for the other side. He represented Charles' own leaning towards catholicism, which eventually brought him to that Church on his deathbed, and which gave rise to the secret Treaty of Dover. That Treaty was negotiated with the utmost secrecy between Charles and

his sister, Minette, Duchess d'Orléans. The whole of the correspondence between them is not extant. It is possible to believe that it was carried by a secret messenger, and that messenger may well have been the king's son, de la Cloche. On December 27th, 1668, Charles, referring to his intended conversion, wrote to his sister :—' I assure you that nobody does, nor shall, know anything of it here but myself *and that one person more* till it be fit to be public.' That one person more is not elsewhere referred to in Charles' letters to Minette unless it be the individual mentioned in a letter of December 14th :—' He that came last and . . . has given me a full account of what he was charged with.'

If this mysterious person were indeed James de la Cloche, the young man did, in fact, fulfil his mission with the assistance of Father Oliva. He then disappeared from history.

I do not believe that the man who shortly afterwards appeared in Naples was James de la Cloche at all. This impostor may have been either his servant or a man hired for the purpose of impersonating him. The real de la Cloche may have attracted the attention of the agents of the Protestant party in England, Ashley's Protestant boys, and have found it necessary to throw them off the scent. There could be no better way of diverting attention from himself than to arrange for someone else to assume his name and personality. While the false de la Cloche was drinking himself to death in Naples, the real one might continue to pass between Charles and Minette, or between Charles and the Court of Rome, unsuspected and safe. Such a device was certainly not beyond the ingenuity of Charles. It would go to explain the difference in character between the two pretenders and it has also this further advantage. It assumes that the first pretender was genuine and thus makes it easier to understand why Father Oliva, a man of intelligence and not easily imposed upon, accepted him, believed in him, supplied him with money and rendered it possible for him to make the journeys from Rome to London in August and November, 1688.

There the mystery must rest. My suggestions may seem fantastic but so is the problem itself, and I am quite prepared, if necessary, to follow the example of Andrew Lang and to offer an entirely different solution if it can be shown that my own is inconsistent with the facts.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

(ERNEST HEMINGWAY)

Reviewed by ROBIN ATTHILL

TO-DAY the struggle,' says W. H. Auden in *Spain,* one of his most significant poems; but while Auden sees from a point of space and time the whole sweep of history in which Spain is merely an incident, Hemingway's story grows from a single incident, like a great tree, until we are carried up into the high places of the world. The setting is the terrible Civil War of 1936–9 which deluged country, village and family with the blood of their own people, and drew staff officers, political intriguers, idealists and adventurers alike to meet their death there. Hemingway writes of the war with a true love and knowledge of Spain and of its people; but although he writes on the republican side, it is remarkable how unbiassed he is: hatred is always bitterest in a civil war, but the cruellest scene is the killing of the fascists at the beginning of the war as told by Pilar; there will always be inefficiency and futile wastage of life in war, but it is the fatal republican jealousies and delays that we are shown; and it is in spite of confused ideals and uncertain loyalties that we feel that this is a story of men who, like Cromwell's, *loved what they fought for, and knew what they loved.*

The story revolves round a single incident—the dynamiting of a bridge behind the fascist lines to prevent reinforcements at the moment of a republican offensive. The dynamiter, a young American, works with a guerilla band for three days and three nights, but before the bridge is blown, the reinforcements have gone up, too late for the offensive to be stayed, and indeed the *guerrilleros* only get away leaving three of their small party dead, and Robert Jordan to meet his death. But behind this central movement is a vast background: the beginning of the war, the other campaigns, the Russians in Madrid, bull-fighting, the past lives of the main characters, their present fears and their dreams of the future. Robert Jordan himself guessed that he was living the whole of his life in those three days.